

THE
MODERN
MINIATURE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for T. HOOKHAM and J. CARPENTER,
Old and New Bond-Street.

1792.



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[xi]

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THE
MODERN
MINIATURE.

CHAP. I.

IN a small village on the borders of Lancashire, lived a gentleman of the name of Brookes, who, for his justice and humanity, was by the cottagers called the good lord of the manor. The patrimonial estate inherited by this gentleman was seven hundred pounds a year; but, as he neither envied nor wished for grandeur, he found his fortune sufficient for himself and wife, and his poor neighbours, who were also partakers of his bounty. Every complaint and difference between the villagers were set-

VOL. I.

B.

tled

tled by Mr. Brookes, without the dangerous remedy of the law, which so often brings *poverty* to the industrious, and disunites the nearest and dearest connections for ever. After they had been married some years, they received an addition to their happiness by the birth of a daughter, who was named Maria. This young lady was brought up in every virtuous principle; nor was Mrs. Brookes less assiduous, for in every visit she paid to the sick her infant daughter attended her, and helped to administer the cordials. Every donation came from the hand of Maria, whose innocence of countenance and amiable disposition gave heartfelt satisfaction to the afflicted receiver. Nor was it from example only. Maria was truly benevolent; her little heart was sensibility itself; for the pocket money allowed her weekly, she distributed among the poor children of the village.

Maria had entered her ninth year, and as she was one day standing at the bottom



tom of her father's garden, looking into the adjoining fields, she saw a poor child coming towards her—the little mendicant was almost naked, having nothing but one petticoat to screen her from the inclemency of the weather; she came up to Maria, and dropping a low curtsy, said, “Pray, Miss, give me a bit of bread and butter.”—“Where are your father and mother?” replied Maria, putting her hand in her pocket, and taking out half a crown, which she threw to her,—“I have none, Miss; they are dead and gone to heaven,” said she, weeping,—“and the overseers of our parish say I am big enough to work; and if I go back again, they would send me to jail.”—“Have you any more cloaths?” said Maria.—“No, Miss, I had a little bundle, but I slept in a barn with some gipsies, who stole it from me.”—“Well,” answered Maria, “pick up that money, and come round to the house; I will go and ask
B 2 “ my

“ my father and mother to give you
 “ some of mine.”

The girl, amazed at so large a donation from so young a lady, hesitated some minutes, and said, “ I must not
 “ take so much money from you, Miss,
 “ without the knowledge of your papa
 “ and mama.”—“ Yes, you may,” answered Maria, “ my father and mother
 “ allow it me; and I have the liberty
 “ to assist any poor little girl that wants
 “ it.”

Mr. Brookes, who had concealed himself in an arbour near the spot, and heard the whole discourse that passed between the orphan and Maria, came up, and taking his daughter by the hand, bestowed many encomiums on her; and calling the poor girl, who was going according to the orders Maria had given her, he directed the gardener to let her in by a back door.

The girl related the same story to Mr. Brookes as she had to his daughter;
 only

only telling the name of the village where she had lived, and her own name, (Mary Dobins). Mr. Brookes took Mary to the house, and desired Mrs. Brookes to give her some cloaths of Maria's, till others could be procured for her; and it was agreed, if, upon inquiry, the story that Mary had related was true, she should be Maria's little maid. Every account she had given was corroborated by the inhabitants of the village where her parents had lived; giving at the same time, an excellent character of them for their honesty and sobriety, saying, they were sure, Mary would strive to deserve their future kindness: upon which, Mary was brought from the farm house, where she had been placed till the inquiry had been made, and now an attendant on Miss Brookes, indeed we may say a play-mate, for she was but one year older. But seeing Maria receive the caresses of her parents daily renewed, the loss she had sustained in the

death of her's, joined to the hardships she had experienced for six months before, settled such a dejection on her spirits, that, in a few months, threw her into a deep decline, and she followed her parents, whom she had never ceased to lament, often declaring, that their deaths had been occasioned through the want of the proper necessaries of life.

Maria was inconsolable for the loss of her companion ; nor could all the persuasions of her parents divert her from her melancholy, till the arrival of a distant relation of her mother's.

This gentleman, whose name was Greaves, had lately lost his wife, and had been to take his daughter from a boarding-school, but not wishing to carry this young lady to his own seat, whilst the death of her mother was so recent, he stopt at the manor-house, with a view of cultivating a friendship between Maria and Miss Greaves. Louisa, the name of this young lady, was four years older than

than Maria, elegantly formed, her mind embellished with every polite accomplishment that could possibly be obtained from a virtuous and liberal education, she was humility itself, and, though but just entered into her fifteenth year, her amiable manners, and uncommon attractions, soon wrought a happy change in Maria, who, in the company of Louisa, forgot her favourite little maid. Louisa was of a serious disposition, she delighted in solitude; Maria accompanied her in all her lonely rambles.

At the entrance of a wood upon Mr. Brookes's estate stood the remains of an old castle, a great part of which had fallen into decay, but two of the towers were still standing; the upper part in one of them was used as a prospect room in fine weather. It was to Maria and Louisa used to resort, to contemplate on the beauties of nature—'Twas here the dismal screech-owl built his nest on the moss-grown battlements.

—Here the little wren found a secure retreat, and nursed its callow young, fearless of the ravaging school-boy.—The mouldering walls were covered with ivy;—the gardens, where once had been displayed every art that imagination could suggest, were rudely over-run with thorns and briars;—the weeping willow hung dismal over the forsaken lake, and fallen trees supplied the want of seats to relieve the weary admirer of this solitary place. The large hall that had been the receptacle of mirth and titled grandeur, and the summer retreat of beauty and innocence, was used to thresh the yellow produce of autumn. Not far from this castle stood the ruins of a chapel, where were various tombs and monuments rudely carved, all covered with the yew and cypress, that gave the whole an air of the most magnificent gloominess. Being in this situation, it was dignified with the name of the *haunted castle* by the peasants, who related dreadful

ful

ful accounts of the spectres that nightly took their rambles round this place;—at times, lights were seen at twelve o'clock at night;—sometimes the alarm-bell that was hanging, (though it had not been stirred for near half a century) was rung by some dismal ghost;—if a storm or wind happened, some person or other, had notice of it by the violent noises made by the ghosts and fairies.—The little sheep track was called the fairy path, and the stoutest farmer in the village would go a mile out of his way rather than come near this castle.—Sometimes they employed themselves in drawing the finny tribe from their native element; at other times, exploring the gay ruins.

“ Here is a true picture of human
 “ grandeur,” said Louisa, “ here smoaked
 “ the board with the choicest viands;—
 “ here luxury and voluptuousness held
 “ their court, perhaps regardless of true
 “ merit in want;—here the haughty
 B 5 “ baron

“ baron supported his dignity, and, with
 “ an assumed superiority, surveyed his
 “ lands and vassals, till pride ascended
 “ the throne of reason, and he equalled
 “ Herod.—All the grovelling flattery is
 “ now lost, all sunk in oblivion, with
 “ the wretched mortal that received it ;
 “ —all here is lonely silence, and affords
 “ a pleasing contemplation to the pensive
 “ mind.—How much superior is the
 “ man who cheers the drooping heart
 “ of his poor fellow creatures, and lends
 “ a benevolent hand to save their inno-
 “ cent and helpless orphans ! his name
 “ shall, with honour, be transmitted from
 “ one generation to another and his
 “ posterity shall flourish for ever.”

As Maria was of a similar disposition,
 she was greatly delighted with the plea-
 sing and sensible reflections of Louisa.
 Three months had imperceptibly slip-
 ped away, when the approach of winter
 obliged them to separate, as Mr. Greaves
 intended to introduce his daughter into
 the polite world—*London*. The young
 friends

friends parted with great reluctance. Maria begged a small Miniature picture of herself from her mother, and gave it to Louisa, requesting her's in return; Louisa had not a miniature, but promised Maria, if her father would permit her, she would fit for one as soon as she arrived in London. Six weeks had elapsed without receiving the Miniature of Louisa, though Mr. Greaves had frequently wrote, and, in his letters, assured Maria, it was finished, and his daughter would send it. At last a packet arrived, inclosing the Miniature with the following journal.

THE MINIATURE.

THINK not, my dear Maria, I am negligent or careless of your invaluable friendship, in not transmitting the inclosed as soon as it was finished; as this was my first introduction into the polite circle, I resolved to keep a journal, and

give you a short history from it, describing some peculiar traits of good breeding, which have engaged my attention. After a tedious journey we arrived at my aunt Greaves's, in Great George-street, Hanover-square. Mrs. Greaves is a sensible, polite lady, about forty; she received us with great affability, embracing me tenderly, and welcomed us to London.—After the first compliments were over, my father inquired after his nephew; Mrs. Greaves informed him, he had been gone out about an hour before our arrival.—She seemed to labour under a great depression of spirits, and something hung upon her mind that affected her to such a degree, that frequently she wandered from the subject she was upon, and several times I perceived tears involuntarily stealing down her cheeks. My father was too delicate to investigate into the affairs even of his brother's wife, especially as she was anxious to conceal her sorrow from us.—The evening was
far

far advanced when Edward came in, who received us with much politeness, but with more ceremony than his mother. It was now too plainly to be seen the coldness that subsisted between them, and the cause of her grief: but from whence this proceeded, it was neither in the power of my father, or your friend, to divine, as every mouth in the family is in a manner sealed up. After being pretty well recovered from the fatigues of our journey, my aunt sent cards of invitation to those she called her select friends.—I was introduced with great ceremony to a number of people of distinction, from whose discourse I expected greatly to edify;—alas! my dear, I was terribly disappointed: but as my Maria is a stranger to these entertainments, I will, as much as lays in my power, give her a description of them:—The company assemble, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, begin to *drop in* about the hours of ten or eleven o'clock in the even-

evening ;—the rooms are elegantly decorated and lighted for their reception, where a superb cold collation, and the choicest wines, with every luxuriant extravagance for refreshment that taste can suggest, is prepared ; another room is set apart for dancing, others for cards ; and those they term loungers, who will neither play or dance ; and, as I am by no means fond of cards, I gave my hand to a young nobleman, who, at the desire of my aunt, opened the ball with me.—Never was any sensation equal to that felt by your Louisa, upon perceiving the eyes of the whole company on her.—“ Your Lordship,” said I in a low voice, “ will, I am afraid, have an awkward “ partner.”—“ Egad, my dear Miss,” he replied, “ when you have been one “ winter in London, you will lose your “ rusticity, and then those charming “ eyes, which are now so cast down, will “ pierce every heart that fortune shall “ throw

“ throw in your way, and then, like a
 “ true woman, you will laugh at them.”

Whilst my Lord was making this *complaisant harangue*, his eyes were fixed on a large glass, viewing his own sweet person, which was very ordinary and diminutive. After the minuet was over, which I walked with inexpressible tremor, I set down by a young lady, who, perceiving the embarrassment I was under, very obligingly offered me her bottle of *eau de luce*, politely adding, “ You
 “ are a charming dancer, Miss Greaves,
 “ but that little conceited fop is enough
 “ to abash any young lady who is unacquainted with his insufferable vanity.” And here, my dear Maria, *vanity* for once took possession of your Louisa’s heart; for Miss Adair, (that is the lady’s name) seemingly spoke with such veracity, that I persuaded myself I had danced with as much ease as I should have done at our assembly room at W——. This cleared up my countenance, which before

fore was most terribly dejected, and looking around, I perceived my little partner paying his compliments by turns to every lady in the room.

“ This pretty Lord,” said Miss Adair,
 “ is a perfect connoisseur in the ladies
 “ dresses, making it his whole study to
 “ invent fashions for them, and frequent-
 “ ly in the House of Peers, instead of
 “ attending to the debates, his thoughts
 “ are employed in the invention of a
 “ new pattern for a gown or cap, which
 “ he amuses himself with drawing, and,
 “ on his return home, sends it as a pre-
 “ sent to some lady, accompanied with
 “ a love sonnet. But you must not,”
 said she, “ imagine the dear creature is
 “ a poet; he keeps a person of small
 “ fortune, but great genius, to write for
 “ him. I have heard a story related of
 “ him, affirmed for a truth, that, as he
 “ was sitting one day in the house, a cer-
 “ tain nobleman next him, perceiving
 “ him in a very deep study, asked his
 I “ opi-

“ opinion of a question then to be di-
 “ vided on. His Lordship’s thoughts
 “ were so taken up on the dresses of the
 “ ensuing birth-day, that, with an invo-
 “ luntary impulse, he answered, ‘ *Fea-*
 “ *thers*, my Lord, by all means.’—Lord
 “ S—, who thought Lord Finikin de-
 “ prived of his reason, and not knowing
 “ what his Lordship meant by *feathers*,
 “ kept his eyes stedfastly fixed on his
 “ face; but his Lordship soon drew him
 “ out of his error, by saying, ‘ I think
 “ the *festoons* will look *immensely* hand-
 “ some, decorated with *feathers*, and I’ll
 “ draw a pattern, and present it to Lady
 “ R—, and, I’ll engage, her dress shall
 “ bear the *belle*, and my waistcoat shall
 “ be embroidered in the same fashion.’
 “ Lord S— now discovered what his
 “ Lordship meant by *feathers*, and was
 “ obliged to exert all his powers to keep
 “ from laughing aloud, whilst the other,
 “ recollecting where he was, hastily quit-
 “ ted the house in confusion. But this
 “ mis-

“mistake did not prevent his Lordship
 “from pursuing his favourite amuse-
 “ment; he drew the pattern, and pre-
 “sented it to the Lady, who was highly
 “pleased with the invention, and wore
 “it on the following birth-day, where
 “my Lord appeared with his cloaths
 “embroidered after the same manner;
 “and the next day the newspaper wits
 “gave them the titles of Lord and Lady
 “*Feathers*.—I have related the story to
 “you, Miss Greaves, that you may be
 “able to stop his impertinent criticisms
 “on your dress, as he takes that liberty
 “with every lady that will permit him.”

Miss Adair had scarce pronounced the
 last syllable, when Lord Finikin came
 up, and requested the favour of my fan,
 declaring he was almost suffocated with
 heat; and, looking at Louisa, cried,
 “Since you and I, Miss, walk’d a mi-
 “nuet together, the Dowagers have done
 “nothing but sulked, and their eyes have
 “followed me to every corner of the
 “room.”

“ room.”—“ I don’t know how many
 “ corners they may have looked for your
 “ in,” replied Miss Adair, “ but I am
 “ confident you have never mov’d a yard
 “ from the glass since the minuet you
 “ walk’d with Miss Greaves was over.”—
 “ And so, you have been watching me
 “ amongst the rest, have you ?” replied
 my Lord ; “ well ! I vow I did not think
 “ myself such a happy man.”—“ Such a
 “ ridiculous one, you mean,” answered
 Miss Adair ; “ I was only trying to get
 “ a glimpse at your dress, to see if there
 “ were *feathers* upon it.”—“ Oh ! you
 “ little ill-natured creature ;” replied his
 Lordship, and returning my fan, left us.
 “ The vanity of that idiot quite disgusts
 “ me,” said Miss Adair ; “ however, we
 “ shall now be free from his impertinence
 “ the remainder of the evening.”—Here
 we were joined by Mr. Adair, brother
 to the young lady, who begged the honour
 of my hand, and my cousin requested
 Miss Adair’s. This complied with, the
 coun-

country dances began, and we were no farther troubled by his Lordship.

Next morning we were visited by Lady Modely, who informed us she was going *a shopping*, and begged my aunt's company and mine to attend her. My aunt declined the honour, but said it would be an amusement for her Louisa; and, as she was too much indisposed, she committed her niece to Lady Modely's care. So your friend stepped into her Ladyship's carriage, *en dishabille*, but had not proceeded far before a gentleman on horseback stopped the coach, and after praising her Ladyship's angelic countenance, burst into the most extravagant Quixotical rhapsodies imaginable, swearing Lady Modely was the most enchanting beauty the world ever produced: when, after two or three poetical sentences, which the gentleman, I suppose, had learnt by rote, on her Ladyship's perfections, he made me a bow, and looking on Lady Modely, sighing, "Adieu!"

"fair-

“ fairest of thy sex, born for the destruction of my repose,” rode away.

After he was gone, her Ladyship informed me, he was the Hon. Mr. —, and one of her *cast-offs*: but as I did not understand what Lady Modely meant by the term of *cast-off*, and not wishing to appear ignorant of fashionable phrases, I was silent; but her Ladyship soon let me know her meaning, by informing me, she would not have answered him, but that she wished to make some of her lovers jealous.----“ And pray, Madam,” said I, “ how many lovers pay their addresses to you?”---“ Why really, my dear Miss Greaves, I cannot answer your question immediately, but I will in a minute:” then her Ladyship began to count her fingers, and naming her lovers alphabetically, stopped at the tenth letter, and cried “ Just ten, Miss.” “ Ten!”---I exclaimed.---“ Lord, don’t be frighten’d, my dear,” interrupted her Ladyship, “ I mean to make up
“ the

“ the dozen before the year is out.”---
 “ And are they not jealous enough with-
 “ out your Ladyship trying to make them
 “ so ?”---“ Lord, no, my dear ; I keep
 “ them all in expectation, and by that
 “ means keep them quiet : and what if
 “ they are jealous ? they can easily de-
 “ cide it in Hyde Park, and then I have
 “ the pleasure of calling them fools,
 “ and reading my name in the public
 “ papers. Oh ! it is prodigiously de-
 “ lightful.”

By this time the coach stopped in Tavistock-street ; we alighted, and went to Mr. ———’s, the linen-draper’s. Lady Modely desired to look at some muslins ; and, after making the man pull down and unfold every piece in the shop, she could see none of the sort she wanted, and walked out, leaving him fenced in with the muslins, which I really believe took him up the whole day to re-place.

From thence we proceeded to the milliner’s, where her Ladyship seemed bet-
 ter

ter pleased, and gave five guineas for a cap, which, in my poor opinion, was not worth five shillings, except a few steel beads to adorn the front.

As we were returning home, her Ladyship asked me, if I did not think she had given the linen-draper sufficient trouble? I answer'd in the affirmative: "Well then, Miss Greaves, I am even with the fool," replied Lady Modely. "---What offence has he given your Ladyship?"---Why, my dear, there was a new, elegant pattern of muslin, and when I went into the shop, there was that insufferable, prude Lady Grace Pride, and he served her before me; so I resolved to be revenged on the wretch, and I dare affirm he will remember me."

By this time we arrived at my aunt's, when her Ladyship excused herself from alighting, saying, "It was late, and she expected company to dine with her." I could not help relating to my aunt and father

father the method Lady Modely had taken to be revenged of the linen-dra- per, and they were much entertained with it.

Here I must beg pardon for not giving my Maria a description of her Ladyship before; but as I see a smile on her countenance, I will now attempt it. Lady Modely is about twenty-five, tall and elegant in her person; her face, which was once beautiful, has been destroyed by that dreadful disorder the small-pox: this defect is made ample amends for by a pair of the most brilliant black eyes, and teeth of exquisite whiteness and regularity. She was the only child of a Commoner of great fortune, and received what I call a town education, that is, her parents would not suffer her out of their sight, but had a governess in the house, who had orders not to contradict her on any account.--- At ten years old, Miss Montford, (for that was her maiden name) was introduced

duced into all polite assemblies, and seated at the table of her parents, who flattered themselves she had the eloquence of a Cicero, and the genius of a Sappho ; thus this young lady was taught to prefer her own opinion before those whom age and experience had given a thorough knowledge of the world. At thirteen she was a profound politician, and would discourse on the rights of the subject, *Magna Charta*, and settle the affairs of the nation with greater ease than she could repeat her lesson ; but as Miss Montford had a great fortune, her learning was of little consequence in the opinion of her parents. This sprightly disposition, with her superior beauty, joined to forty thousand pounds, attracted many admirers, who were as soon disgusted at finding her extreme ignorance in every thing but *fashionable folly*. At the age of fifteen, Lord Modely paid his addresses to Miss Montford. His Lordship was at the head of the *beau monde*, had passed his fortieth

year, and greatly impaired his estate by his gaiety among the females of a certain class; but finding his fortune decrease, and of course their favours, and being unable to bear the thoughts of matrimony, declaring the very idea carried restraint with it, he deeply mortgaged his estates to pay his debts; but meeting with Miss Montford at the opera one evening, struck with her charms, which were superior to every lady then present, he made it his business to introduce himself into her company. As Miss Montford paid little respect to that decorum which every young lady ought strictly to adhere to, never entering into conversation with strangers at public places of amusement, as, by that means, they are thought lightly of by *vulgar people*, who are not acquainted with them, their families or connections, and thereby are often exposed to insults: but these wise considerations never entered into the head of Miss Montford.

ford.---She was in the box, when his Lordship seated himself next to her, and finding her very pertinent in her remarks on the music to an elderly lady who sat by her, (who was her governess) he watched an opportunity of joining in the conversation, and paying Miss Montford some compliments, which vanity made her readily believe, they fell into conversation with as much familiarity, as if they had known each other for seven years. After the opera was over, he conducted the ladies to their carriage, when, from the respect paid to Miss Montford from several persons of fashion, he found she was a lady of fortune, and took a respectful leave of her, not without expressing the happiness he had enjoyed in her company, and praying that Fortune might favour him with another opportunity of passing an evening so agreeably with such a divinity, whose brilliant beauty buried all her sex in obscurity. This nonsense was whispered

pered in the ear of Miss Montford, who went home highly delighted with the thoughts of the conquest she had made, and told her parents at supper, what an agreeable gentleman she had seen at the opera, and what compliments he had paid her.

The next morning his Lordship called to inquire after her health, and was kindly received by her father, who thanked Lord Modely for his polite attention to his daughter, and gave him an invitation to dinner. His Lordship embraced this opportunity with raptures not to be expressed, and immediately set off to prepare for an interview with his charmer; not that his Lordship was in love with her person, (as he pretended) whatever he might be with her fortune. The truth is, he had ordered his servant to follow the carriage from the opera-house, and inquire who the lady was. The man soon learnt from the servants, that Miss Montford was an only child and heiress to

an estate of six thousand pounds a year, besides a sum of *fifty thousand pounds*, which had been left her by a maiden lady who stood for her at the font. As the young lady's fortune had gained ten thousand pounds by Lord Modely's servant carrying the account to his master, who, on hearing it, began to conceive matrimony not so frightful, as he formerly had done; thinking the pill could not be so bitter, when it was so well gilded, and reckoning the many advantages that would accrue from such a sum, and the prospect of such an estate, he resolved to unite hands, though not hearts, with Miss Montford. With this view, he called at Mr. Montford's house, as before related. His Lordship was punctual in his attendance, and at five o'clock, he alighted from his chariot, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where he found Mrs. Montford and her daughter set forth with all the advantages of dress.

After the first ceremonies were over, Miss Montford asked my Lord how he had slept the preceding night. As this was begging a compliment, his Lordship was too great a gallant to let such an opportunity pass, of paying one. He cry'd,—“How can Miss Montford think
 “I slept, after passing the evening in
 “such——”—“Aye,” interrupted the young lady, “I suppose it was with you,
 “as with me, I never got the heavenly
 “music out of my ears, nor the charming
 “dancers out of my eyes.”—“No,” replied my Lord, “the heaven that
 “kept me from sleep was in those eyes,
 “and the charms in that divine form.” Miss curtsied, and looking on her fan, was going to reply, when Mr. Montford entered the room, “and apologized for
 “being absent, when his Lordship had
 “deigned to honour his——” Here, his Lordship *interrupted him*, declaring that it was himself that was highly honoured.

Miss

Miss Montford's *wit* kept up the conversation for the remainder of the afternoon, and his Lordship proposed Ranelagh, which was readily assented to by Mr. Montford. As for Mrs. Montford, she made full amends for her daughter's loquacity by her silence; she scarce spoke ten words the whole evening. The carriages were ordered, and Lord Modely escorted Miss in his chariot; and, as his Lordship lost no opportunity of declaring his passion, before they reached Ranelagh, Miss had given her consent to become Lady Modely, as soon as her father's permission could be obtained. She had grace enough to name her father, because, in her own opinion, she was well assured he would not deny her, for fear she should fret, and was simple enough to tell his Lordship so. The evening concluded, and Lord Modely took his leave.

Happy in the prospect of the large fortune he saw before him, and flatter-

ing himself, that a wife of such a disposition as Miss Montford could never possess sensibility enough to be jealous of his depravity, he was constant in his attendance at Mr. Montford's, and in the course of the week, formally desired leave to pay his addresses to Miss. Mr. Montford was not so ignorant of Lord Modely's dissipated turn of mind, not to reject him; he informed his Lordship, that he was proud of the honour of his friendship, but must beg leave to decline any nearer connection, as he intended his daughter should marry a young nobleman, who would soon return from his travels, and whose age and fortune was a suitable match for her. Lord Modely, who perfectly knew mankind, understood what Mr. Montford meant by such allusions. At any other time his Lordship would have resented it, yet he chose, at that period, to let them pass unnoticed; answering, with a sigh, "That
 " there was no resisting the charms of
 " such

“such an angelic form and mind.” But Mr. Montford was not to be deceived: he made a minute inquiry into his Lordship’s circumstances, and found his estate mortgaged to the utmost value, and his furniture hired, as his goods had lately been taken in execution. In short, he found Lord Modely was not worth one shilling, when his debts were paid, which he had reason to believe if he did not take care, would be out of his daughter’s fortune. He immediately went to his wife, whom he found alone in her dressing-room, and acquainted her of the designs his Lordship harboured against their daughter, telling her he was fearful, he had already succeeded but too well in gaining the affections of Miss Montford. He therefore ordered Mrs. Montford not to admit Lord Modely’s visits in future, nor take any notice of him in public. But all the answer he could obtain, was “yes,” and “no—dear me—who would have

C 5

“thought

“ thought—let my girl alone—she is no
 “ fool.” With a train of monosyllables
 equally stupid and indifferent, till, tiring
 her husband’s patience, he left her swearing,
 “ it was as bad to have a wife with-
 “ out sense, as one overstocked with
 “ that commodity.” He flew instantly
 to his daughter, and telling her the cha-
 racter he had heard of Lord Modely,
 which she as positively declared were scan-
 “ dalous aspersions, and nothing but inve-
 “ terate malice could invent such.” Every
 objection Miss Montford answered ten
 fold ; and pertly told her father, she was
 at an age to know right from wrong, and
 would not be used like a baby. Mr.
 Montford left his daughter as much en-
 raged at her obstinacy, as at his wife’s in-
 sensibility, ordering his porter and all his
 servants to deny him and his family to
 Lord Modely.

But this caution was useless, whilst the
 mother, daughter, and their waiting-
 women, conspired together to deceive
 him.

him. At last Mr. Montford found it necessary to restrain his daughter from going abroad, but Miss's invention never failed to distress her indulgent parent ; for, with the help of a plank, laid from the hall window, she walked into the street, and, with Lord Modely set off post haste for Gretna Green. From thence they proceeded to Paris, where they resided three years, till paternal affection giving place to merited resentment, Mr. Montford recalled his daughter home, and making proper settlements, paid her fortune. But her Ladyship had not gained the least embellishment in manners by her marriage ; on the contrary, she imagined she had more liberty to coquet than before ; the Paris custom had confirmed her in this opinion, and never couple lived more happily or more indifferently to each other, than Lord and Lady Modely.

When she had entered into her twentieth year, the distemper, I have mentioned before, destroyed her beautiful

face. This, it was imagined, would have put a stop to her gaiety ; but her charming eyes brought her fresh admirers, and she loved flattery too well to disbelieve that she had suffered any diminution in her beauty.

When she was in her two and twentieth year, Lord Modely died suddenly at Bath, where he had been some time for the recovery of his health, and in less than twelve months after she lost her parents, leaving her in the possession of one hundred thousand pounds, surrounded by sycophants, and herself the most thoughtless, giddy thing in nature, as my Maria will easily conceive from the beginning of this narrative.

I shall now leave my Maria to comment on Lady Modely, and proceed to a character as conspicuous for her virtue and goodness, as the other is for insensibility. This lady, who visits my aunt, has honoured your Louisa with her very particular attention. Indeed, my dear
 Maria,

Maria, I must reckon it one of the most fortunate events of my life, to be honoured with the notice of such an amiable lady as the Countess of ——. Her virtues are impressed in the hearts of thousands, and she really is a pattern of such excellence, that crowned heads might, if they wished to immortalize their names, follow; her piety is without affectation, her charity without ostentation, and her mind uncontaminated by any worldly meanness.—No fashionable folly or vulgar prejudice can find the way to her elevated soul.—Her deeds, both in thought and word, are whiter than snow; nor dare the breath of scandal attempt to sully them; yet, my Maria, this phoenix of her sex has drank deep of the bitter cup of affliction; her sensibility has been touched by conjugal infidelity! But this heart-rending reverse she bore with exemplary fortitude, and your Louisa considers it as a trial only, to render her amiable qualities
the

the more conspicuous, and fit her spotless soul for those realms of bliss where virtue meets its due reward. But I will drop this amiable character, to which my feeble pen is unable to do justice. The next visitor to Mrs. Greaves is the Lady ———, equally noble, generous, and good. This Lady is surrounded by a numerous family, who, from the virtuous education, and tender care their noble mother has bestowed upon them, their affections are happily united towards each other, and, in spite of title and worldly distinctions, find real happiness in the affectionate names of brother and sister. These ladies have honoured your Louisa with particular attention, in which neither time, or any unexpected elevation of fortune, which cause most people to forget themselves, can ever obliterate. But it will be too tedious to enumerate the bright stars that shine in this metropolis..

But

But I will again return to Lady Modely, who had sent us a pressing invitation, and would not be denied, to attend her to the play, as it was a benefit night, and her Ladyship wished to make a party. Two hours were spent in dressing on this *important* occasion, and, to complete my happiness, my aunt presented me with a set of diamond pins for my hair. Every thing adjusted, we set off for Lady Modely's, where, to my great astonishment, we found Lord Finikin and Lady Grace Pride, with three other ladies, waiting for us.—The three ladies, who were the Honourable Miss Newtons, received your Louisa with great politeness and affability. Lady Grace gave me a smile; but when my father approached, to pay his respects, she turned round, with a countenance severe and haughty, and walked up to the window. This behaviour threw us both into the greatest confusion; however, we were instantly relieved by Lady Modely, who loudly exclaimed,

exclaimed, "Lady Grace is a prude,
 "Mr. Greaves."—"Indeed I am not,"
 replied she, turning round and looking
 on her fan; "but I can't bear to look a
 "man in the face.—You may call it
 "prudery, Lady Modely, but I call it
 "modesty, and I wish you would follow
 "my example, and stop the public from
 "making so free with your Ladyship's
 "character."—"Lord, my dear," in-
 terrupted Lady Modely, with a sneer,
 "I would not give a *sous* to live, if I
 "was thought beneath the public notice
 "—and I never hear your name even
 "whispered—Oh! 'tis a most charming
 "thing to read one's name in the new-
 "papers, with any little smart thing that
 "one may have happened to have said
 "in company; and, I protest, I would
 "sooner sink into the grave than out of
 "notriety."—"Oh, you are a charming,
 "divine creature," interrupted Lord Fi-
 nikin, "and I admire your sentiments
 "immensely, if Heaven would destine
 "me

“ me such a lady”—“ Heaven have any
 “ thing to do with such a little insignifi-
 “ cant being as you are,” cried Lady
 Grace, colouring, “ why, the ladies don’t
 “ wear dresses there.”—“ I should like
 “ them the better for that,” replied my
 Lord. This was answered by a turn up
 of Lady Grace’s nose, and a loud laugh
 from the rest of the company.—Another
 loud rap announced the arrival of more
 visitants—the drawing-room door flew
 open, and a short lusty lady made her
 appearance, followed by her two daugh-
 ters. “ Ah ! Lady Modely,” she cried,
 flinging herself into a chair—“ *I wove and*
 “ *purtest* I am almost stifled, and, may
 “ the devil fetch me, (looking at her
 “ eldest daughter) if I don’t have the
 “ coach again, if you roar till you burst
 “ yourself, you slut, you.”—“ What is
 “ the matter, Mrs. Bunn,” cried Lady
 “ Modely ?”---“ Why, my dear, I will
 “ tell you ; there’s Miss,” pointing to her
 daughter, “ when she went last birth-day to
 “ see

“ see the company go to St. James’s,
 “ fell in love with a *wiz-a-wee* ; and you
 “ know she is her father’s favourite, so
 “ she coaxed and cried, till he turned his
 “ coach into this same *wiz-a-wee*, that
 “ we might be more like you court folks.
 “ Well ! he is so confoundedly stingy that
 “ he won’t keep a coach, as he always
 “ walks on foot himself ; he said it should
 “ do for us, or we should take the old
 “ coach again : upon this Miss fell a
 “ roaring, *and so* she told her father *as*
 “ *how* she knew I should find fault with
 “ it, till he promised her, that, as she
 “ liked it so well, let who would dislike
 “ it, she should have it.—Well, when
 “ this pretty contrivance was brought
 “ home, there was room for no sizeable
 “ person in it like me, and, God knows, I
 “ am afraid to *wenture* in our *visky*, for
 “ fear of breaking the *sharps*, and my
 “ own neck into the bargain ; and, be-
 “ sides, our mare is *rusty*, and *won’t* stir
 “ but *when* she pleases, and you, Lady
 “ Modely,

“ Modely, *knows* how dirty the road is from
 “ *Gaggle Goose Green* : besides, if it *va’n’t*,
 “ I could never get through the *postesses* ;
 “ and then the bank is so high, I could
 “ not get into the road, and as I *knows* it
 “ is impossible for me to walk to our shop
 “ in Cornhill, so I was *obligated* to cram
 “ myself into the pretty bird cage of *that*
 “ *there* Miss Bunn, and because, *as how*
 “ it an’t genteel for people of fortune to
 “ ride more than two at a time, Sophy sat
 “ in my lap to hide me, and what with
 “ the *scrouging*, and both the glasses be-
 “ ing drawn up, I was almost stifled ; but
 “ I’ll have the coach again, or I’ll tear
 “ his eyes out, and there’s an end on’t—
 “ What ! if he will give her thirty thou-
 “ sand pounds, am I to be *squeeg’d* to
 “ death ?” At the mention of her for-
 tune, Miss, who had been opening and
 shutting her fan, and counting the sticks,
 looked around, her eyes beaming with
 satisfaction, and, rising from her seat,
 stalked along the room like a tragedy
 queen.

queen.—“ Lord, how proud you are !” exclaimed the youngest sister, who was about seventeen, “ and my godmother “ says she’ll make *min’s* as much as *your’n* ; “ and *so* you need not look so proud “ about it ; and so I *von’t* ride out again “ in your *thingimy no more*.”—“ You “ pert thing,” cried the eldest, “ no “ *vonder* your mistress turned you away “ from Bow boarding-school ;—but you “ was always such a saucy—but”—— “ But *what*, Madam,” interrupted the mother, “ it is well to be a favourite ; “ and an’t she your sister ? and her face “ is a *more monstrous deal handsomer than* “ *your’n*, and she will get a husband with “ her twenty thousand pounds, sooner “ than you with your thirty thousand.” “— Very likely, Ma’am,” said Miss Bunn, tossing up her head.

Here the wrangling was interrupted by Lady Modely, who, looking at her watch, said, “ it was time for us to go to the “ theatre, or the first act would be over “ before

“ before we got there ; and if the house
 “ was full, we should lose our places.”—
 “ An’t we to wait for Mr. Hillyard ?” re-
 plied Lady Grace.—“ Oh! no :” said Lady
 Modely, “ we may wait for him till to-
 “ morrow night. I suppose he is saying
 “ his prayers, or visiting some poor devil,
 “ who is steeped up to his ears in pover-
 “ ty. He is always fooling his money
 “ away on some distressing case or other,
 “ and, ten to one, when he does come,
 “ he will bring a petition in his pocket,
 “ and, if he does, I am sure I sha’n’t sub-
 “ scribe to it ; for, I believe, he has given
 “ away the greatest part of his fortune
 “ already ; and, if that is the case, I shall
 “ not humour his peculiarities any lon-
 “ ger, by giving the money away that
 “ would buy me a new birth-day suit.”

Lady Modely had scarce done speak-
 ing, when an old man entered with a rusty
 grey coat, a little white curled wig, a
 large flouched hat, his shoes and stockings
 besmeared with mud, and an umbrella
 under

under his arm.—“ Good Heavens !” exclaimed her Ladyship, “ you are not dressed to go to the theatre, Mr. Hillyard ?”—“ But I am,” replied the old gentleman ; “ and was I to go with the first duke in the land, I would not dress myself better.”—“ No !” cried Lady Grace.—“ No !” replied he, sternly.—“ *Why*, but, here is a *peare* going with us,” said Miss Bunn : “ Lord *Thingimy* ; don’t you know that, Mr. Hillyard ?”—“ Not I, truly ; and if I did, it would be all the same to me ; I care not for all the peers in the realm, if they are not noble men ; and that word, in my opinion, cannot be applied to many peers.”

Lord Finikin, whose understanding was not sufficient to comprehend Mr. Hillyard’s meaning, and joining *family pride* to his other absurdities, stepped briskly up to him, and taking a pinch of snuff cried, “ Sir—if you are, Sir, I am a Lord, Sir, and a nobleman, and my great-grand-

“grandfather was great grandfather of
 “the Most Noble John-James-William,
 “who was great-grandfather of Philip the
 “Fair, king of France, and my mother
 “was the youngest branch of the most
 “noble house of Burwell. There were
 “seven branches of that illustrious house,
 “and I am one of them.”—“And a
 “pretty little one you are,” replied Mr.
 Hillyard, laughing. “Now, my great-
 “grandfather, nor any of my ancestors,
 “could ever make out that they had any
 “right to titles. But ever since the days
 “of Adam, who, I presume, my Lord,
 “was created a few years after your first
 “great grandfather died—we were gen-
 “tlemen.” This piece of irony put the
 whole company into a laughter; and
 Lady Modely, ringing the bell, ordered
 the carriages to be got ready.—Mr. Hill-
 yard, stepping up to my father, cried,
 “Give me your hand, Greaves; what!
 “have you forgot your old friend? Good
 “heavens! what a change does thirty
 “years

“ years make.” This renewal of an old intimacy made Mr. Hillyard accompany us in our carriage.—“ I hope you have
 “ not, Mr. Greaves, brought your daughter to learn town manners from these
 “ delightful patterns ?”—“ I am very
 “ little acquainted with Lady Modely,” replied my father ; “ but her intimacy
 “ with my sister led me to imagine her
 “ Ladyship was less dissipated than she
 “ seems to be.” Here Mr. Hillyard sighed, and replied, “ I am afraid my
 “ niece is too far gone ever to be re-
 “ claimed. How do you like Mrs. Bunn
 “ and family ?” said Mr. Hillyard to me.
 “ —Indeed, Sir,” I replied, “ I never was
 “ used to such company, and, therefore,
 “ cannot judge.”—“ Aye, you are a good
 “ girl, and I hope you will always avoid
 “ such.”—“ Pray, Sir,” replied my father, “ what are the family of the
 “ Bunns ?”—“ The husband was a moulder of plum-cakes, and, by some
 “ means or other, he has amassed a fortune
 “ tune

“ tune of one hundred thousand pounds,
 “ besides a comfortable estate, and, to
 “ increase this, he, some years since,
 “ turned money lender. And Lord
 “ Modely, whose fortune was never suf-
 “ ficient to support his extravagance,
 “ when he carried off my niece, borrow-
 “ ed twenty thousand pounds of him at
 “ an *usurious rate*, and as Lady Modely,
 “ who is the very epitome of her deceased
 “ Lord, does not find it convenient to dis-
 “ charge the principal, she pays an exor-
 “ bitant interest, though, sometimes, she
 “ is in arrear with that too ; but as she
 “ has kindly taken upon her to introduce
 “ his wife and daughters into the polite
 “ circles, the irregularity of her pay-
 “ ments is overlooked. And if you are
 “ acquainted with any poor lord, (for the
 “ Miss Bunns are resolved to take up
 “ with nothing less than coronets) you
 “ may recommend them as two good for-
 “ tunes to mend their dissipated estates ;
 “ for, to the great honour of some of
 Vol. I. D “ our

“ our modern nobility, they take care to
 “ keep their family blood *untainted*, by
 “ marrying their kept mistresses, house-
 “ keepers, milliners, or actresses. In
 “ short, to such a height of assurance are
 “ these matches carried on, that any im-
 “ partial bye-stander would think Oliver
 “ Cromwell was risen from his grave,
 “ and the fashion of levelling all distinc-
 “ tions again in vogue; not by mar-
 “ riages only, but by some M—— of
 “ P———’s representing a trumpery
 “ borough, which they once would have
 “ thought themselves happy to have run
 “ errands for.—This is the present state
 “ of the age; the steward in a few years
 “ gets a larger estate than his master, and
 “ marries his daughters to better fortunes
 “ than his Lord can do his:—the footman
 “ sits down with all the ease of a gentle-
 “ man, at the very table he has waited at,
 “ frowns at the lady, who has degraded
 “ herself to raise him—bullies, blusters,
 “ and kicks the servant who was formerly
 “ his

“ his equal—disowns his poor relations,
 “ and, in striving to forget his original
 “ meanness, forgets himself.”

Here Mr. Hillyard was interrupted by the stopping of the coach at the door of the theatre. The old gentleman gave a deep sigh, and handed me into the house. The play was *Cyrus—Mandane*, the heroine, was received with unbounded applause by all the company but Mr. Hillyard, who sat with his arms folded across the box, sighing.—“ Dear me !” cried Lady Modely, “ I never saw any thing
 “ like you, Mr. Hillyard ; you are no
 “ encourager of merit.”—Another sigh was the answer—and, to my utter astonishment, though we were in the stage-box, the ladies used their glasses, as you or I should, Maria, were we in the prospect room of the castle.—After the first act, I expressed a desire to know of Lady Modely the use of glasses, when we were not a yard from the objects. Her Ladyship burst out into a fit of laughter, and

cried—"Fashion!—fashion!—my dear " Miss Greaves." Mr. Hillyard sighed again.—In the middle of the second act we were disturbed by three young ladies, who came into the next box : regardless of the distresses and fine acting of Mandane, they flirted their fans, and gazed wildly round the house, to see who they knew ; curtsied—the curtsy was returned ; and, for a quarter of an hour, there was nothing but nodding, bowing, opening and shutting of fans. At length the ladies were seated, and the audience composed, when they went to whispering so loud, that we could distinctly hear every word. " And do you think 'tis her ?"—(*Second Lady.*) " Oh, yes ; I saw her at " the Earl of L—'s ball."—(*Third Lady.*) " And, pray, what do you think of her ?"—(*First Lady.*) " Why, she is an awkward, unmeaning thing."—(*Second Lady.*) " Her figure is too *petite*."—(*Third Lady.*) " But she is an heiress, and " the beaux buz round her like flies " around

“ around a sugar basket.”—“ You are
 “ right, my dear---’Tis a good thought,
 “ and ought to be recorded. But I have
 “ an engagement at Lady Gallop’s rout,
 “ and I must leave you when the third
 “ act is over. Did you ever see such an
 “ unpolished chit?---Why, the country
 “ bumpkin is crying.---Heavens!---how
 “ unfashionable!---I declare I should be
 “ ashamed to sit near her.”—I now ven-
 tured to look for the object of these
 ladies ridicule, and saw a pretty young
 lady, about seventeen, sitting in the stage
 box opposite to us, wiping her eyes with
 a cambric handkerchief, whilst the others,
 who were next us, were putting theirs in
 their mouths, to prevent them from
 laughing aloud.---The third act now be-
 gan, and the ladies talked louder. In-
 deed it was impossible to hear a word
 distinctly; and Mr. Hillyard, who sat in
 the front, on account of deafness, (a ge-
 neral attendant on old age) turned round,
 and, leaning over the box, told them

aloud, " he came there to hear the play, " and not their tittering." This produced a laugh louder than before, when one of the ladies took her leave, begging their attendance at Lady Gallop's, and presenting them with tickets of admision, adding, " Do come, dears, as soon as " the play is over ; don't stay to see the " entertainment."—" Aye, the sooner " the better," interrupted Mr. Hillyard. A loud laugh was the answer, and the two ladies kept talking and tittering till the play was finished. Their conversation then took a more serious turn ; this was no other than pulling to pieces the character of the young lady who had just presented them with the tickets---and, as it was rather curious, I shall set it down exactly.---" Well, dear, do you think " Miss Latimer look'd well *to-night* ?"--- " Why, really, I think, most shockingly " ordinary."---" But she thinks herself " very handsome."---" Oh ! she is right " to think so herself, for I am sure no-

I

" body

“ body else will.”---“ Oh ! my dear, she
 “ declares she is but twenty, and that it
 “ is her own natural colour which ap-
 “ pears in her cheeks.”---“ Ha ! ha !
 “ ha !---Well ! well ! I dare say it is
 “ her own. I’ll be bound for’t, she
 “ pays for it at her perfumer’s.”---“ But,
 “ dear, I will tell you a great secret ; she
 “ is in love with Colonel M—— ; but,
 “ I beg you’ll not take any notice of it ;
 “ for it is a secret, I assure you. She
 “ *only* told it to me and four more, as a
 “ very, very great secret.”---“ And do
 “ you think he will have her ?”---“ Why,
 “ her fortune, my dear---but don’t men-
 “ tion it.”---“ Oh ! no ; not for the
 “ world. I have no confidante but one,
 “ and she’s a dear, humble, good natured
 “ creature, and very ugly ; but she is the
 “ best woman at keeping a secret you ever
 “ knew in all your life.”---“ A very
 “ good quality in a woman,” interrupted
 Mr. Hillyard, “ but a very scarce one.”—
 “ Impertinent !” cried both the ladies ;

and rising from their seats, walked out. "Sad emblems of half your sex," sighed Mr. Hillyard. We now sat uninterrupted for the remainder of the play; when your Louisa, to avoid accompanying Lady Modely to her house, pretended a violent head-ach, and was set down at my aunt's, where I have since employed myself in writing this journal, in which I flatter myself, my most sanguine hopes will not be disappointed—that of amusing my dear Maria.

C H A P. II.

THE winter had passed in town, and Louisa, who was no lover of scandal, earnestly wished to return to the manor-house, especially as the match-makers had married her privately to her cousin Edward, for reasons best known to themselves; and the beaux had carried it so far, that some of them declared they were at the wedding, whilst others shortened Miss to Mrs. —. Louisa's delicacy was deeply wounded by this scandalous assertion, and, through a modest timidity ever attendant on virtuous minds, she could not inform her father of it. Her aunt's health was declining fast, and the physician had ordered her to the south of France — there, Louisa's tenderness prevailed over her wishes to see and enjoy the innocent amusements of

her native place, and she insisted on her accompanying her. As this was anticipating the wishes of them both, every thing was got in readiness for their journey; and Mr. Greaves took an affectionate leave of his sister and daughter, and set off to spend the spring at the seat of Mr. Brookes, (where he arrived without any accident worth recording.) The satisfaction was visible in every countenance, except Maria's, who ran to the chaise, and not finding Louisa, burst into tears. After the first compliments and inquiries were over, Mr. Greaves informed them the reason of Louisa's journey with her aunt, and presented Maria with a letter from his daughter, in which she lamented the sad occasion of her absence. This was some consolation to Maria, who now dedicated most of her time to drawing and reading ancient history, in both of which she excelled. Sometimes she sweetly touched the keys of her harpsichord, and as a
fine

fine young woman can never appear more graceful than in that situation, she not only charmed the ears but the eyes of all that beheld her. Maria had just entered into her fourteenth year, rather inclining to be tall; her languishing blue eyes expressed the tenderness that filled her lovely bosom, whilst her engaging affability and benevolence rendered her the admiration of the whole country. Six months had elapsed, when a letter from Louisa to her father brought an account of the death of her aunt, who had bequeathed her ten thousand pounds, and all her jewels, desiring her father to meet her at Dover, and to send orders to Whitehall, (the seat of Mr. Groves) to get every thing in readiness, as her aunt had desired she might be brought over and interred in the family vault with her husband at the above-mentioned place. Mr. Greaves took his leave of his friends, and set off to meet his daughter, where we shall leave him

till his return to the manor-house. The summer was far advanced, and its produce nearly got in, when an epidemic fever seized the poor inhabitants of the village; and as Mr. Brookes was always a father to the distressed, he expressed a great aversion to people being fearful of visiting the afflicted, from a dread of catching the disorder, and aware of the negligence of servants, he attended the unfortunate villagers himself, administering with his own hands their medicines, and every other comfort. But as all human nature bears an imperceptible magnet in disease, as well as in vice, this good man, in striving to preserve a poor widow woman, with six young children, caught the dreadful disorder, and in less than a week paid that great debt of nature, which teaches kings, "they are but men." Mrs. Brookes, whose life was wrapped up in that of a tender and affectionate husband, was so much affected, that the short space
of

of three days, laid her for ever by the partner of her soul. As Mr. Brookes's estate was entailed on the heirs male of his family, it fell into the possession of a distant relation, who, from the difference of their dispositions, had never visited each other till this unfortunate event, which entitled him to the family mansion. Mr. Greaves, who was left guardian to Maria, came immediately to the manor-house, to the no small dissatisfaction of the present possessors, whose extreme avarice could only be equalled by their pride and oppression. Maria, who was sunk in the deepest sorrow at the death of her parents, had some small consolation in the company of her guardian. After the remains of her parents were deposited, her relations who bore the family name (though not their merits) took every opportunity of letting Mr. Greaves know, his, and his ward's presence were extremely disagreeable to them; but Mr. Greaves was determined

not

not to leave the mansion till every thing was settled. As the time drew near that was fixed for Maria's departure, her young heart was loaded with additional sorrow, to leave her native place. " I
 " have no parents, and am left totally
 " unable to defend myself amongst stran-
 " gers ; but my dear father has often
 " told me, that not a hair of our heads
 " could fall to the ground without the
 " permission of the Almighty ; their
 " blessed spirits are now with that God
 " they so faithfully served ; they will be
 " my guardian angels, and I shall not be
 " deprived of them." In this manner
 used Maria to sit and meditate in her
 mother's dressing-room ; but her rela-
 tions perceiving she had a particular
 fancy to that room, ordered their bed to
 be put up in it, for the purpose of de-
 priving her of the pleasure they ima-
 gined she enjoyed there. This was a
 new source of grief to Maria, and she
 begged Mr. Greaves to intercede with
 them

them only for an hour in the day ; but
 this request was not complied with :
 “ Mrs. Brookes observing, it would be a
 “ fine thing, indeed, to let a silly girl
 “ have her whims in every thing that
 “ she might fancy.” Maria, to hide
 her affliction at this denial, retired to an
 alcove, that stood in an unfrequented
 part of the garden, and after shedding a
 flood of tears, took from her pocket a
 volume of Mrs. Rowe’s Letters from the
 Dead to the Living, and as the mind is
 never so open to romantic impressions,
 as when filled with sorrow, she opened
 in that part, where a gentleman writes
 to his friend after his sudden death.
 “ Good Heavens !” cried Maria, “ how
 “ blessed should I be, could I but hear
 “ from my parents in that manner !”
 Happy innocence ! that can form the
 mind into such charming delusions.
 Maria shut the book, and looking at
 the chamber windows, burst afresh into
 tears : “ I will not be deprived,” ex-
 claimed

claimed she, "of visiting their graves ;
 " you cannot hinder me from taking my
 " last farewell of their sacred ashes."

The evening was far spent, and the moon
 just darting her silver beams from beneath
 a black cloud, when Maria stole across
 the garden unperceived, and slipping
 out of the back gates, walked over the
 meadows. When she came in sight of
 the church yard, she redoubled her
 anxious steps, and getting over the stile,
 she went up to the tomb, and kneeling,
 bedewed the grass by the side of it with
 her tears. " Here lies my dear pa-
 " rents," she cried, " their souls are
 " blest in eternal happiness, and, oh ! my
 " dear mother, I was your only care ;
 " but why should I repine at his divine
 " will who has called you hence ?"
 Here Maria was interrupted by a glim-
 mering light that advanced cautiously
 across the church yard, and an old wo-
 man approached with a lanthorn and
 candle, who, stopping within a few yards
 of

of her, cried out, "What in the name
 "of God troubles you?" Maria made
 no answer, but deeply sighed; at which
 the woman let fall the lanthorn and
 ran away. Maria taking the light up,
 went again to the tomb, and walking
 round it, found the stone at the head,
 carelessly laid over, and not fastened:
 a kind of religious enthusiasm seized her,
 and she fancied she should find her pa-
 rents alive if she could get down. With
 difficulty she removed the stone, and
 fearless, descended into the vault of her
 ancestor; and kneeling by the side of
 the coffins, poured on them a flood of
 silent tears. She was awakened from
 this lethargy of grief by the church clock
 striking ten, when rising up, she seated
 herself on her mother's coffin, but hear-
 ing some distant voices, she took the
 light, and went up the stairs.—"There
 "it is—there it is," they cried, "shall
 "we go up, and see what it is?" When
 one more valiant than the rest, coming
 a little

a little forward, cry'd out, "It is Miss
 "Brookes." Maria was immediately
 surrounded by the country people.
 "How came you here, Miss?" said one.
 "Wan't you afraid of ghosts?" said another.
 By this time the noise of the ghost
 had reached the parsonage, and the good
 curate, at the desire of his wife's mother,
 (an ancient lady) who had a firm belief
 in apparitions, came, attended by his
 clerk, to see what was the matter. Amaze-
 ment struck him dumb for some moments,
 at last he cried, "My dear young lady,
 "what can have brought you to this
 "melancholy place, at such a time of
 "night?"—"Only to take my last
 "farewell of my dear parents," said
 Maria, sobbing. The curate ordered the
 people to retire, and taking her by the
 hand, led her to his house.

DISSERTATION ON GHOSTS.

THEY no sooner entered the parsonage, than they were furrounded by the whole family, with the old lady at the head. “ Well, are you convinced at last ? ” said she. — “ Take care of this young lady,” replied the curate, “ whilst I write a note.” This threw them into a fresh consternation. — “ What can be the matter now ? ” said his wife. — “ God knows,” replied the mother. — “ I am afraid there is more in the matter than we think,” said a strange lady, whose fears of the supposed ghost had brought to the parsonage for protection. “ Oh ! to be sure there is,” replied the old lady, “ he is certainly gone to write an account to Oxford, and I suppose the Bishop will send some of the clergy here to lay it in the Red Sea ! ” — “ God protect us, if it is an evil spirit,” replied the lady.

Maria

Maria sat all this time like one deprived of sense, and heard all this discourse, yet had no power to inform them of their mistake. So the conversation ran on witches, ghosts, and devils, till Mrs. Ellis took an opportunity to ask Maria if she had not seen it. “No, Madam.”—“Not seen it?” cry’d the old lady, her mother. “Did not you come out of the church yard?”—“Yes, Madam.” “Oh! it is easily accounted for,” said Mrs. Ellis, “for unless people are born under certain planets, they are not permitted to see them; there is my Betsy, would have seen it, had she been there, for she was born between twelve and one of a Saturday morning.” The young lady started, and looking at her mother, said, “Sure it will not come here, Madam.”—“No, child, it will not, but you would have seen it, had you been there.” Here they were interrupted by Parson Ellis sending word, he was going a little way, and

and would return in about an hour.

“Certainly it is as I told you, he is gone
 “for help to lay it; and it is amazing
 “to me,” continued the old lady (looking at Miss Betsey) “that your father is
 “such an unbeliever, and I will venture
 “to lay a wager, he denies this as soon
 “as he comes home.”—“I suppose it is
 “for fear we should be frightened,” replied Miss Betsey.—“No, child, it is
 “his perverse obstinacy. Was it not the
 “witch of Endor that brought the spirits
 “of Saul and Jonathan out of their
 “graves? Can he deny that? But he is
 “a sad man, to set such examples to his
 “congregation, and they will grow as
 “bad as himself in time. Nay, there
 “was Tom the bell-ringer told me to my
 “face, that the devil was chained up,
 “and had no power over him.—Who
 “could tell you that, said I, good man?
 “—Why, our own parson, he told me,
 “we had more power over the devil,
 “than he had over us, for we were
 “God’s

“ God’s creatures, and not the devil’s;
 “ and if that’s the case, said the foolish
 “ booby, if he was to get loose, and
 “ come near me, I would knock his brains
 “ out, with the first thing I could lay my
 “ hands on.—He has no brains, poor
 “ simpleton, said I, he is a spirit.—In-
 “ deed, I won’t believe that, said he;
 “ if he had no brains, how do you think
 “ he would have been able to have done
 “ so much mischief as he did formerly?—
 “ Why, he did no more mischief then,
 “ than now.—Persuade me to believe that
 “ if you can. Did not the Pope let him
 “ loose, and was he not going to blow
 “ up the whole nation? Sure you have
 “ been told of gunpowder treason and
 “ plot.—I found it of no use to speak
 “ sense to this blockhead, so I left him
 “ in ignorance.”—“ You were certainly
 “ very right, Madam,” said the strange
 lady, “ the very Papists have more belief
 “ in the wicked man, than we; for they
 “ draw

“ draw pictures of hell, and have them
 “ up in their churches, while we have
 “ no thought about him; nay, three
 “ parts of England neither fear or care
 “ for him.” At this moment the dis-
 course was interrupted by the crowing of
 the cock. “ There—there—” cry’d the
 old lady, “ there—there, it goes now,
 “ it has this moment gone through the
 “ hen-house; it is an evil spirit, or it
 “ would not have come at this time of
 “ night. I should be very glad to see
 “ some person that saw it, I’d venture a
 “ thousand pounds, it was dressed in
 “ coloured cloaths.”—“I thought,” cry’d
 Miss Betsey, “ spirits were not suffered to
 “ walk till twelve o’clock at night, and
 “ they were all dressed in white.”—
 “ Those are good spirits,” answered the
 old lady, “ that are dressed in white,
 “ and walk at twelve; but the bad spirits
 “ appear much sooner in the evening,
 “ and are in different coloured cloaths.
 “ For instance, Saint Peter did not know
 “ there

“there was an evil spirit near him, till
 “the cock crow’d.”—“Very true,
 “Madam,” replied the lady, “but the
 “world in general laughs at us, and will
 “give no more credit to ghosts than to
 “witches. But I know an instance of
 “the latter, and all the world shall never
 “persuade me to the contrary.”—“Pray,
 “Madam, tell us before my father comes
 “back,” said Miss Betsey. — “In the
 “village,” replied the lady, “where
 “I was born, lived an old woman in a
 “little hut, which she never permitted
 “any person to enter; she was supposed
 “to be very rich, and *nobody* could tell
 “how she lived; when it rained hard,
 “thundered, and lightened, she would
 “set her doors and windows open.”—“A
 “true sign,” said the old lady.—“If she
 “looked cross at any person, they were
 “sure to have an ill accident before
 “night.—If a farmer’s wife happened to
 “affront her, [all her milk was sure to
 “turn sour before morning.—She had an
 “old

“ old tabby cat that was continually at-
 “ tendant upon her, and I have listened
 “ at her door many times in an evening,
 “ and heard her talking to it, as if it had
 “ been a child.—She had a small field
 “ that belonged to her; she never would
 “ let the men that gathered the tithes,
 “ take any from her. The parson went
 “ one evening himself to look at this
 “ field; he saw the old woman at the
 “ farther end of it, with a crooked stick
 “ in her hand, muttering something he
 “ could not understand; she told him,
 “ he should repent for asking her for
 “ tithes, and sure enough, she made her
 “ threats good; he went home, and
 “ found his wife taken very ill of the
 “ head-ach, and inquiring what time it
 “ happened, found it the very time he
 “ was in the old woman’s field. This
 “ made him resolve to have none of her
 “ hay; so he sent word it was not his in-
 “ tention to take any tithes from her,
 “ and from that moment, his wife got

“ well.”—“ Aye,” replied the old lady,
 “ I have known several instances of old
 “ witches ; but if you were to talk all
 “ night, my son-in-law would laugh,
 “ and give no credit, so we need never
 “ mention it before him ; only the sex-
 “ ton’s wife came, and said there was a
 “ ghost or a devil, for it knocked the
 “ poor woman down, and took her lan-
 “ thorn from her. It was a great while
 “ before he would give ear to her tale ;
 “ we durst not say a word about the
 “ matter ; but the woman insisted on it,
 “ and declared, that she heard it sigh
 “ and groan ; so I took courage to speak,
 “ and desired he would let Matthew the
 “ clerk go with him.—He went, but,
 “ you see he would tell us nothing about
 “ it ; and I dare say, when he comes
 “ home, he will say it is all false, as he
 “ did when Farmer Green’s wife walked,
 “ though her husband saw her himself,
 “ three days after she was buried, wrap-
 “ ped in a white sheet, standing at the
 foot

“foot of his bed.—He, poor man,
 “thought she did not like the grave
 “she was laid in, and would have had
 “her removed into an other, but my
 “son called him a fool, and told him
 “it was all imagination; so, according
 “to his doctrine, people are not to be-
 “lieve their own eyes.”

C H A P. III.

PARSON Ellis bethought himself that it would be much better for him to go to the manor-house than write, as the present inhabitants were strangers; he therefore ordered his horse, and accompanied by his clerk set off;—on his arrival, he found the whole place in distraction, and the servants running different ways to look for Maria; on his sending in his name, he was desired to walk into the parlour, where he related the account of his finding her, and in the simplicity of his heart, began to lament the loss of his late friend and patron, her father; “And, pray what have you to do with her loss? you are very impertinent,” interrupted Mrs. Brookes, “as for my part, I think the girl’s mad.” As Parson Ellis was but a curate, he bowed, and was silent.

Mr.

Mr. Greaves entered the parlour, when Mrs. Brookes exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mad cap to run away, I shan't have patience with her; don't let me see her this night, for certainly, I shall be provoked to box her ears."—"Madam," returned Mr. Greaves with a serious countenance, "her late father intrusted her to my care, and I shall not suffer any insult to be offered to her." Mr. Greaves now ordered his carriage to be got ready, inviting the parson to take a place in it; as they proceeded, Parson Ellis informed Mr. Greaves, that he had been curate of that parish upwards of thirty years, that in the early part of his life he had been much oppressed by poverty, but, that the good doctor J——n, the present rector, in consideration of his long services, had increased his salary to fifty pounds a year, besides allowing him the parsonage-house to reside in; adding, he now thought himself at the

height of human happiness. Thus, did this good man enjoy life, free from the cankering and destructive worm ambition.—He was a father to his flock, and an example for a mitre ; in his little parish, peace and unity went smiling together ; every poor labourer cheerfully assisted his neighbour, for their pastor taught them a religious humility, and they considered each other as brother and sister. The arrival of the coach at the parsonage put a stop to the conversation of ghosts among the ladies ; Mr. Greaves was shewn into the best parlour, when the Parson went and brought Maria to him. Unwilling to touch the string of her sorrows, he took not the least notice of the fright her absence had occasioned at the manor-house, but tenderly inquired, if she was not fatigued with the journey she had taken, and, without giving her time to reply, sent for Mr. Ellis, and desired to know, if he could make it convenient to accommo-
date

date Miss Brookes in his house, till his return to White Hall—this was joyfully complied with by the Parson, and Mr. Greaves dispatched a servant to fetch wine and other necessaries from the manor-house. After the company were assembled, Maria informed Mr. Greaves, that there was a strange lady in the house, who was immediately invited to partake of the repast, but, frightened at the appearance of such grand visitors, she had taken an opportunity of getting out of the house unperceived, and was gone home. The company now sat down to supper, when the mystery of the ghost was unfolded, but the presence of so great a man as 'Squire Greaves, took such an effect on the ladies, that they were silent for the rest of the evening, (Miss Ellis only paying a particular attention to Maria.) Mr. Greaves now took his leave of the family, promising to be with them early next day. Maria was delighted with her new abode,

and anxiously wished for morning, that she might revisit the tomb : the thoughts of being so near her dear parents gave an ease to her mind she had been a stranger to since their death.—She slept soundly, and did not wake till the bell had ceased ringing for prayers, when getting up, and finding it too late to attend the church, and as all the family were gone there, she took a walk in the garden to amuse herself; the situation of which was truly delightful; a large gravel walk entirely shaded by fruit trees, arose with gentle ascent from the house, and caused those soft emotions that affect delicate minds, on their first entrance into a grove or wood where rural silence creates contemplation, and leads us to admire the works, and revere the Deity. The sun darted gently its silver rays through the trees,——“fanned by the
 “refreshing breezes, the air was all perfumed.”——Maria walked gently till she came to the top of the hill, where
 a most

a most delightful prospect attracted her attention—this was an unexpected opening of a wide unbounded country, beautifully intersected with straggling cottages, a large river that emptied itself into the sea, dashed its silver waves against the garden banks, and, when the silence of the winds, and the fineness of weather permitted, the contemplative visitor might be blessed with a prospect that would convince an Atheist, “There
 “ is a God.” Here the hoarse bawl of the distant boatmen caused a pleasing sensation, sweetly calm in the pensive breast, and here by indulging the melancholy of the mind, soothed it; Maria sat admiring this beautiful landscape, till the bell let her know the family were assembled to breakfast—she found them waiting for her, and after the usual compliments, they sat down: here she could not help admiring a regularity and neatness that reigned throughout this family.—Calm content resided in every breast, and the

least ambitious thought was totally excluded from their minds. If the least wish fell from the lips of any of them, it was instantly checked by the good master; "I wish," said Miss Ellis, "I had as great a fortune as the lady of the manor, I would have such another chair to ride about in as she has."—"What strange ideas," cried her father, "are you not ashamed to entertain them? what right have you to think of such a fortune?—for heaven's sake, girl, do not harbour such in your breast; thank God for what you possess, that is, your health and senses, and pray to him to continue them; look round, child, even in this small village, and see how many there are in much worse circumstances than yourself, see with what cheerfulness they pass through life; and believe me, my dear, that content is a duty to our God, and every one of us are required to fill our stations severally in life without
 "repin-

“repining.—The greater our affluence,
 “the larger are the duties incumbent
 “on us; it is not faith alone that can
 “save us without works; it is a mockery
 “to the great God to go to church
 “constantly, and affect an austere reli-
 “gious habit, serving him only by word
 “of mouth. Of this we have proof
 “sufficient in Dives and Lazarus. The
 “Almighty desires to be served with
 “cheerfulness both in word and deed;
 “and in that great day when every
 “man’s heart shall be tried, woe be
 “to him whose works shall not stand;
 “I mean those that are done through
 “ostentation. Indeed, if you consider,
 “my dear, you will find your life in-
 “finitely more happy than the many
 “hundreds whose gaudy equipages at-
 “tract the eye of the simple, and make
 “them sigh to be wretched. If you
 “continue in the path you have been
 “brought up in, your days will glide
 “smoothly on, and when you sink in

“ the vale of life, you will meet your
 “ dissolution with that calm cheerfulness
 “ that adorns and becomes every good
 “ Christian: in short, you will look
 “ back on a life well spent, and
 “ experience a pleasure undescribable;
 “ and when your soul quits its frail
 “ tenement of clay, you will rest in the
 “ bosom of your God.”—Miss Ellis
 dropt a tear at the conclusion, and Maria
 listened attentively to this plain and
 pious discourse, which found a much
 nearer way to the heart, than those elab-
 orate ones so often delivered from the
 pulpit, tho’ adorned with the blooming
 flowers of rhetoric. Just at the end of
 this conversation, Mr. Greaves alighted
 from his carriage, and Maria took the
 first opportunity of informing him how
 highly she was delighted with her situa-
 tion. The day was spent with innocent
 cheerfulness, and the evening concluded
 with drinking tea in the grove, where
 Miss Ellis entertained them with her
 guittar,

guitar, accompanied with her melodious voice. This young lady was tall and well shaped, her long black hair hung in careless ringlets down her waist, which she generally wore tied back with a bunch of ribbons, her large black eyes, were uncommonly penetrating, and the whiteness of the lily, made an agreeable contrast in her face with the rose that blossomed on her cheeks; her steps were bold, but graceful; and she was a true picture of Hebe. Three days had passed without seeing Mr. Greaves; on the fourth, Maria was agreeably surprised by his leading his amiable daughter into the parsonage-house; she flew to meet them, unable to express her gratitude, and wept upon the bosom of Louisa; all was joy and happiness in this charming belle assemblée.—Louisa was fond of reading, and the good Parson gave her free access to his library, which was as well furnished as his scanty pittance would admit of,

but

but the best authors he was possessed of, were in Greek and Latin, and as Louisa was unacquainted with those languages, she was greatly disappointed ; but Miss Brookes, whose grateful heart sought means to repay the poor Parson for his tender attention to her, soon devised a method of furnishing his library, by removing her late father's (which was a very large one) to the parsonage.—Maria often visited the tomb of her parents, and as her grief subsided, it was succeeded by a profound veneration for their memories—frequently she used to stroll to her favourite seat at the top of the grove, and when the eye, tired with the various and unbounded prospects, looked up to the azure sky, till imagination stretched on airy wings, has opened the heavens to her view, and blessed her with a sight of her dear deceased parents. Every thing was now settled at the manor-house, and the time of departure drew near, when both Maria and Louisa
 solici-

solicited the Parson's leave for Miss Ellis to accompany them to White Hall.—

“ I am truly sensible of the honour intended my daughter by you ladies,” replied the Parson, “ but your births and fortunes are far superior to her's, who is the daughter only of a poor curate, that has it not in his power to indulge her in any of the luxuries of this world : she has never been out of my little cottage, and is well satisfied with her situation ; and as impressions are more easily made on young minds than erased, I am afraid she will have no pleasure in humble life, when she has once tasted the sweets of grandeur : this will imbitter my happiness, and draw a heavy cloud over the pleasing prospects I have planned for her future welfare.—And this, ladies, is my only reason for denying her that pleasure and instruction I am sensible she would receive in your company.” They could not
but

but admire and applaud the sentiments of the Parson, though his denial gave them pain.—And, here let it be remembered, that happy would it be for society, if they were to take pattern by this good man. There would be but few of those unhappy women, that, after a few months spent with their detestable seducers, are forsaken, and left to the merciless insults of a set of despicable tyrants; three parts of whom are brought up with all the fine ideas of grandeur, without fortune to support it; their foolish parents anticipate their future elevations in life, and fond imaginations present them coronets; they are indulged in every idle and superfluous fancy they can form, and taught to believe themselves equal to princeesses.—Thus, by the fault of education, the world is deprived of its brightest ornaments; and they fall a victim to those whom nature, in its wise dispensation, formed for their protection.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

A FEW evenings before the departure of Mr. Greaves and the young ladies from the parsonage, they agreed to take a walk in the fields, and set out, attended by a servant. The fine weather and the charming prospects of the country drew them much farther from the village than they first intended; when, after having rambled about the green lanes till they were fatigued, and coming to a very pleasant meadow with a little hill near it, they agreed to rest themselves by the side. It was formed like a mount, about three yards high, easy of ascent, and flat at the top.—“Here is a charming prospect,” said Louisa looking round; “sure this little hill was raised on purpose for us to repose ourselves upon: I think,” continued she, laughing, “this meadow is a
“charm-

“ charming place for a rural masque-
 “ rade ; we could erect a pretty throne
 “ on this hill, and crown you, Miss El-
 “ lis, queen of the *Hamadriades*.” —
 “ Very fine,” replied Miss Ellis, “ and
 “ what rural shepherd shall be my royal
 “ consort ? — “ I am not well enough
 “ acquainted with the neighbourhood to
 “ name one,” replied Louisa ; “ but I
 “ dare say Miss Ellis can name the happy
 “ swain herself, and spare me the trou-
 “ ble of inquiry.” This was answered
 by a blush only.—“ So, you will not
 “ name a Sylvanus ?” continued Louisa ;
 “ well, we shall know in time, depend
 “ upon it.” — “ I think it is proper for
 “ us to leave this *rural throne*,” inter-
 rupted Maria ; “ for we have been ram-
 “ bling these three hours, and I am
 “ afraid Mr. Greaves will think we are
 “ run away with by gipsies.” Louisa
 laughed, and, rising, they walked gently
 down the hill, and had nearly reached
 the bottom of it, when Miss Ellis’s foot
 slipping,

slipping, she fell with great violence. The servant who attended them, ran to her assistance, and raising her up, found she had grazed the skin from her elbow. Miss Ellis declared, the place where she fell sounded so exceeding hollow, that it terrified her so, she believed it a well.—Louisa ordered the servant to go back and examine; he found a piece of iron sticking in the grass, but was unable to remove it, till, taking a knife out of his pocket, he cut the turf, and scraping the mould a few inches *below* the surface, discovered a large piece of wood, which he found immoveable, but striking with the haft of his knife, it sounded a perfect echo: “It is impossible,” said the servant, “to do it without help.”—“We will return home,” said Miss Ellis, “and acquaint my father, he will send the sexton to assist. I fancy it is,” said she, “the entrance to some cave; for I have often heard my father say, there
“ was

“ was a Roman camp near this place :
 “ digging our garden some time since,
 “ several urns full of bones, and two
 “ statues, were found ; they were of im-
 “ mense value, but the Lord of the ma-
 “ nor laid claim to them, and my father
 “ durst not dispute his right : we were
 “ told some time after, he sold them for
 “ two thousand pounds.” They then
 hastened home, big with the discovery.
 The Parson was delighted. “ Who does
 “ that meadow belong to ? ” said Mr.
 Greaves.—“ To me, Sir ; I bought it
 “ with a few pounds that Miss Brookes’s
 “ good father used to present me with
 “ every Christmas, and I have let it for
 “ some time to a farmer in the neigh-
 “ bourhood for three pounds a year.”—
 After tea, Parson Ellis, Mr. Greaves, and
 the sexton, (with his spade and pickaxe)
 the whole family following, set out on
 this grand discovery. After much diffi-
 culty in removing the surface and mould
 a trap-door appeared, which, with great
 labour,

labour, was wrenched open, and presented a large pair of winding stairs, which, after two or three turns, were entirely lost under the hill. The darkness made it unsafe for any of the company to venture down, though the sexton could hardly be restrained, and heroically informed them, that he had been down many a vault, when he could scarce see his hand before him, and none of the dead people ever hurt him. This produced a hearty laugh from Mr. Greaves, and the Parson. The servant was dispatched for lights, which he soon brought; but before they could descend half the way, the damp extinguished the candles, and the sexton roared out in a most tremendous manner, we are all lost, for the devil has blown the candles out. Louisa, alarmed at this terrible cry, laid hold of the hand of Maria, exclaimed, Oh! my father! and fainted in her arms, whilst Miss Ellis was hardly restrained by her mother and grand-

grandmother from running down to their assistance. At last the sexton made his appearance, declaring it was an enchanted castle, and that he would never venture down again. Mr. Greaves and the Parson followed, laughing at his fears: the voice of Mr. Greaves soon opened the eyes of the delicate Louisa, who was almost frantic with joy at seeing her father safe; and as it was dangerous to descend the cavern without stronger lights, it was agreed to postpone it till the next day, when the foul air would be evaporated, and they might examine it with more safety. They were now returning home, when Mrs. Ellis inquired of the sexton, what he had done with the candlesticks. — “Why,” said he, “when the devil blew out the lights, “he knocked them out of my hand, “and I am sure they rolled three miles, “for I heard them rolling when I came “out.” As neither the entreaties of Mr. Greaves or Parson Ellis could persuade him

him into the cavern again, he was ordered to call on Tom the bell-ringer, and tell him to attend the parsonage early in the morning, while Mr. Greaves's servant was sent to the next village for torches, when every thing was settled for the ensuing morning. Louisa, who found herself rather indisposed, retired early to her chamber. The family rose betimes, and attended Parson Ellis to the cavern. Tom, the bell-ringer, carried the lantern to light the torches, and as Mr. Greaves, at the entreaty of his daughter, declined going down, the clerk accompanied the Parson and Tom : they were gone near half an hour, when the latter came up to invite Mr. Greaves and the ladies down. Mr. Greaves took one of the torches, and leading Maria, Louisa, Mrs. and Miss Ellis followed ; as to the old lady, nothing could persuade her, as she was sure it was an enchanted place, and inhabited by fairies.—After many windings and turnings they got safe to the bottom,
and,

and, walking up a small narrow passage, they entered a spacious room, where the parson and clerk were sitting, who rose up and welcomed the young ladies, as the first discoverers of this subterraneous place, and, after a short conversation, begged their attendance in examining it. They went out of this room by a small door that opened into a large passage, which led four different ways, and going down the first it brought them to a spacious hall, the floor of which was of the finest Italian variegated marble: there were two large oak tables stood at the upper end of it of an amazing thickness, the sides or edges most curiously carved with different figures; on the middle of one was carved the figure of Bacchus and his attendants; on the four corners were Hercules, Pan, Apollo, and Neptune: there were four forms the exact length of the table, carved with various figures of the heathen mythology, supported by a lion at each end, instead

of feet.* The cieling was arched, and of Roman brick, and the walls carved and

* "In all probability this cavern had been built long before the Conquest by the Romans, and afterwards, when the Catholic religion was established in England, this had been the chosen retreat of some of the religious orders, who, under the cover of sanctity and mortification, were continually revelling in secret places. As chairs were not used in England for several hundred years after the Conquest, will appear by the following note :

"In the year 1377, the 51st of Edw. III. the citizens of London intended to have slain John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Henry Piercy, (marshal) they fought up and down, but could not find them, for they were that day to dine with John of Ipres at his inn, which the Londoners knew nothing of, but thought they had been at the Savoy. One of the Duke's knights seeing the mob, and finding their intent, ran in great haste to the place where the Duke was, but being denied admittance, he said to Haveland the porter, If you love my Lords and your own life, open the gate—the gates were opened, and on seeing his master, he told him, there were numbers of armed men at the gate, and that day would be his last; at which words the Duke leapt so hastily from his oysters, that he hurt both his legs against the form; he was offered some wine, but could not drink for haste, and, with Henry Piercy, went out of

and painted with various figures, which the damp had almost obliterated, and in several niches were hung small wooden images. After they had satisfied their curiosities in this apartment, they went back, and turned down the passage that led into another room, much larger than the former: this room was painted and adorned much in the same manner; two large busts were placed on a pedestal, near a commodious bath; round the room were marble seats, and in the four corners hung images of the same as in the other. This place brought them through a passage that led to a small grated door, which was with great toil forced open; two rows of marble pillars supported the massy roof, exquisitely painted; in the four corners were altars, over

a back gate into a boat which was instantly prepared for them, and never ceased rowing till they came to Kennington, where the Princess was with Richard the young Prince, before whom he made his complaint.”—*Stowe's Survey of the Antiquities of London and Westminster.*

which

which were images of different saints ; on an altar erected on several steps stood the image of the Virgin with her Son in her arms ; at her feet was a golden sceptre and crucifix ; round her neck she wore a string of emeralds, and on her head a coronet set with diamonds of immense value : in the chancel were several flat grave-stones, with figures rudely carved, but it was impossible to tell how long they had lain, as there were no inscriptions. This place took a great time to examine : the ladies sat down on the steps that led to the last-mentioned altar ; but, as if Miss Ellis was to discover every thing that was contained in this subterraneous cavern, the place where she sat gave way ; here was a large cavity, in which was concealed (in a box) a large pair of gold candlesticks, a gold chalice, three massy cups of silver, and a small golden cross—" Is this all our own honestly ?" cried Mrs. Ellis.— " Heaven knows," replied the Parson ;

“ but if the right owners were alive,
 “ I am sure they should have it.”——
 “ Should they ?” said Tom ; “ I dare say
 “ they have got more than they want,
 “ or they would not have left so much
 “ behind them.” The torches now began
 to grow short, and he was dispatched for
 more candles and refreshment, charging
 him not to speak of the discoveries they
 had made. The clerk was ordered to
 brush the forms for the ladies to sit on ;
 when Mr. Greaves espying a small door
 on the side of the altar, opened it. Here
 laid several manuscripts, which by their
 dates appeared to have been written a
 century before the art of printing was
 known in England ; but it was impossi-
 ble to transcribe them, as they were so
 exceedingly decayed, that they could
 not be touched without dropping to
 pieces. It would fill a volume to describe
 all the curious valuables that were found
 in this place—let it suffice to say, that
 from this fortunate discovery, Mr. Ellis
 was

was a richer man than the Rector.— Tom now arrived with the wine and the refreshments, but as he was rather short of memory, he forgot the glasses : Mrs. Ellis would have scolded, but was prevented by his telling her, he had forgot half his errand in thinking he was to keep a secret. The young ladies requested to dine here, and one of the tables was ordered into the bathing-room. Mrs. Ellis went with Tom to send the things necessary, and to assist in dressing the dinner, which, in her opinion, was never well done without her, (a qualification this good lady took much pride in.)—The fourth entry was now to be examined : this brought them into a large bricked place, that had been used as a kitchen ; in one corner was a hearth for burning wood ; here were several earthen dishes glazed, in shape and colour resembling our common red ones, with some jugs of the same materials, and many bottles of different forms ; some saucepans made

of earth, and by being burnt and sinoaked, had evidently been used as such.— Another door was opened ; this led to a cellar, where there was a well, that apparently had served the inhabitants of this secluded place : it was bricked much in the same manner as our's are at this time, and a large iron bowl laid near it. This place had been shut up such a number of years, that the very damp had congealed, and the water oozing through. The top of this vault had formed pillars of the most beautiful transparency : every form made by art or nature, might be found in this natural curiosity ; the irregular rows of congealed pillars elegantly festooned, and trees seemingly loaded with diamonds, dazzled the delighted eyes, whilst the crufted cieling, representing ten thousand flambeaux from the two held by Mr. Greaves and the Parson ; and so numerous and various were the curiosities, that the company forgot their dinners, till the halloo of Tom told them

them it was on the table. "Pray, gentlemen," said Tom, as he was waiting at table, "was that the ale cellar you was in just now?"—"Yes," said the Parson, "you are right, Tom."—"But are there any casks of good ale in it, Sir?"—"Yes, Tom, and a large bowl to drink out of."—"Oh! I knew it," said Tom; "I am sure there never was a place built, since the world began, but there was an ale cellar to it: and is there a lock on the door, Sir?"—"No, Tom."—"I thought there was not," said he, "for when that great house that stood in the fields, and was the Lord knows how many hundred years old, when it was to be pull'd down, I went all over it, and there was no lock on the cellar door, nor ever had been one; and I say that locks were never made for ale cellars, and it is nothing but a new French fashion, and ought not to be allowed in England."—"Very well, Tom,"

replied the Parson, laughing, “ I am
 “ afraid you would drink too much if
 “ you had free access to it.”—“ No,
 “ Sir, if I cou’d once get my belly full
 “ I shou’dn’t.”—“ But how much cou’d
 “ you drink before you had your fill ?”
 “ —“ Indeed, Sir, it is not in my power
 “ to tell ; you know, Sir, when one is so
 “ fond of a thing, it is impossible to say
 “ when one will be tir’d of it.”—

Whilst Tom was entertaining Mr. Greaves and the Parson with the quantity of ale he could drink, they were surprised by the sound of water ; the Parson rose to examine from whence it issued, and found it gurgling through a small stone passage into the bath, and emptying itself on the other side from a hole made for that purpose : on search, this was found to be conveyed from the river by pipes or passages made of stone, which supplied both the well and the bath.

This discovery brought all the gentry round the country to visit Parson Ellis,

Ellis, and the neighbouring Esquires, who had before thought it a great condescension to look at the poor Parson, now saluted him by the name of Sir, and gave him an invitation to dinner. Even the steward to the Duke of ———, who was a terror to all the farmers round the country, and who had been frequently heard to say,—“ He despised the curate “ because he was a poor devil,” — would now move his hat when he met him, and begged the honour of his company to supper, whilst Parson Ellis thanked God, and wondered how he got so many friends. Amongst others came Mr. Brookes, his wife, and son, a youth of about twenty, who was just returned from visiting a relation in London, where he had been for some time, before the *death* of Maria’s father, (which had put his parents in possession of the manor-house.) Mr. Brookes, who affected to be a great antiquarian, was highly delighted with the cavern ; and as Parson

Ellis was now rich, his wife, to make some amends for the rudeness she had formerly treated him with, made a handsome apology, and invited him to the mansion. The treasure being disposed of, the Parson found himself in possession of a very large fortune, and of course a great many friends. Mrs. Ellis now petitioned her husband for a coach :—

“What!” said the good man, “do you think this money is entrusted to my care only to keep coaches with?”

“You shall see what I’ll keep to-morrow.”—Next morning Mr. Greaves received an additional pleasure in seeing twenty poor people receive a small donation from the benevolent hand of the Parson, and hearing him order them to attend weekly to receive the same. The parish schoolmaster was next sent for, and ten pounds a year was added to his salary to educate ten additional poor children. Mrs. Ellis, who was naturally a good woman, saw all this with pleasure,

but

but could not relinquish the idea of a coach: she was incessantly teasing her husband to let her appear like other gentlewomen, and not to be trudging on foot, when she visited her acquaintances. Tired with her importunities, he at last consented to keep her a one-horse chaise, declaring, that if he had five thousand pounds a year, he would never wish for a better carriage; the addition of a servant was now required to take care of the horses, and Tom was fixed on for that purpose. The old lady was much displeased with him, declaring, when he had taken too much ale, he would corrupt the morals of the whole village; but Miss Ellis, who had privately catechised him, begged he never would contradict her grand-mother whenever she talked about ghosts. Tom promised to observe the commands he had received, and was reconciled to the old lady. Content and joy lighted up every countenance in this amiable family, till Mr. Greaves pre-

pared for his departure for White Hall. This spread a gloom over the lovely face of Miss Ellis, who dreaded the parting with Louisa. Miss Brookes insisted that Parson Ellis could now have no excuse for refusing them the pleasure of his daughter's company, declaring, she would not be denied ; this request granted, the countenance of Miss Ellis wore its usual cheerfulness. One morning as the ladies were setting at breakfast in the parlour, they were alarmed by the cry of a female voice, " I will see him—I will see " him"—which was answered by Tom—" You sha'n't see him : I'll tell you now " he's as great a man as the Lord of the " Manor, and you must not be teasing " him with your nonsense—go to the " churchwardens ; besides, you are not " fit to appear in such a house of virtue " as this is—the ladies will cry shame on " you."—Enraged by this reproach, the girl snatched up a pot of ale that Tom had just drawn for his breakfast, and emptying

emptying the contents in his face, threw the pot at his head, (but whether Providence had taken care to hinder him from receiving any hurt, or his head harder than the common race of mortals, I cannot presume to determine) but so it was, that he received the blow of an earthen jug, which was broken to pieces on his head, without the least injury ; only exclaiming, “ You have spill’d the ale, “ and you’ll live to want such a jug of “ good liquor.”—The Parson, who had been walking in his garden, returned at this juncture—“ Here, Sir ;” cried Tom, “ here’s an impudent baggage, “ she will speak to you, Sir ; but don’t “ let her, Sir. Look, Sir, she has “ thrown the ale at me ; don’t let her, “ Sir, if it’s only for that.”—“ What “ did you do to deserve it ?” said the Parson, “ Go along and let the woman “ speak.”—“ God bless you, Sir,” cried she, “ your Reverence don’t know me ; “ but I am farmer Green’s dairy maid ; “ he

“ he has *traduc’d* me, Sir! he has robb’d
 “ and ruin’d me, Sir, and is *parjur’d*,
 “ Sir; and now he’s going to be mar-
 “ ried to the chambermaid at the inn of
 “ the next village: and, oh! good Sir,
 “ I shall be ruin’d and sham’d if you
 “ don’t take my part!”—“ And how
 “ came this about? you shou’d have
 “ thought you were doing wrong be-
 “ fore.”—“ Alas, Sir! I shou’d not
 “ have thought it wrong if it had not
 “ come to this; but he is a wicked, mar-
 “ cenary villain, and he promis’d to
 “ marry me a hundred times; but the
 “ chambermaid has twenty pounds in
 “ hard money, and I have no more than
 “ five.”—The Parson, in spite of his gra-
 vity, cou’d not forbear smiling, order-
 ing her to go into the kitchen, whilst
 Tom was dispatched for the farmer, who
 immediately came. “ Well;” cried the
 Parson, looking sternly at him, “ Is it
 “ not a crime heinous enough to ruin this
 “ unfortunate young girl, without com-
 “ mitting

“mitting an aggravation by marrying
 “another woman?”—“Indeed, your
 “Honor, I humbly beg your pardon;
 “it wou’d never have happen’d had my
 “dear wife been alive.”—“But what
 “right have you to think of marrying
 “another?” replied the Parson.—
 “Why truly, your Reverence, I had
 “but an indifferent crop this year, and I
 “am in want of money, and that is
 “the truth of the matter.”—“Very
 “well, Sir,” replied the Parson; “I
 “suppose you imagine you will have no
 “expences to pay the parish for taking
 “care of this poor girl and her infant;
 “but I shall take care they shall fine
 “you.”—The farmer staggered at the
 tone the Parson spoke these last words—
 “I am sure I’m not able to pay a fine;
 “It is the want of money that kept me
 “from marrying a long time ago.”—
 “That was spoke like an honest man;
 “so take her home with you, and I will
 “provide you your wedding dinner.”—

A li-

A licence was procured by this good clergyman the next day, and in the course of the week they were married ; when Miss Ellis, by her father's desire, was bride-maid : and three days after their marriage, Parson Ellis sent them fifty pounds by the hands of his charming daughter ; Louisa and Maria from their small purses subscribed ten guineas for what necessaries she might want in her lying-in. And thus, through the interference of this good man, this young creature was preserved from destruction ; let us, therefore, hope that every clergyman, whose duty it is to protect the wretched, will take pattern by the good Parson Ellis.

CHAP. V.

THIS wedding had occasioned Mr. Greaves's stay at the parsonage some few days longer than he expected; at last, every thing being got in readiness, and the Parson insisting on Mr. Greaves's acceptance of some of the most valuable curiosities found in the cavern, Miss Ellis took an affectionate leave of her parents, and attended Louisa and Maria on their journey to White Hall; they travelled but slowly, the roads being bad. Mr. Greaves did every thing in his power to divert the attention of Maria from her late habitation, and though her disposition was naturally cheerful, her sable habit pierced her heart with sorrow, and made her wish to return. As nothing occurred worth relating on their journey, we shall pass it over

over till their arrival at White Hall. They were welcomed by the ringing of bells and other demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants. After they had passed about a fortnight in receiving visits and returning them, Mr. Greaves received a letter from a gentleman, an old acquaintance, requesting him and his family to pass a few weeks with him; and as this letter was the gentleman's own penning, and may give the reader some idea of his character, I shall here insert it.

“ MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

“ THIS is to let you know my cozins
 “ Greenfords are come to see me at Rose
 “ Hall, and the devil fetch them—but
 “ no more of that at present.—I have
 “ been devilishly plagued to find out a
 “ fellow that robb'd my orchard, but I
 “ catch'd him at last, and had the rascal
 “ well flogg'd; I warrant him he'll re-
 “ member it for some time. I have the
 “ dickins

“ dickins to do with that obstinate young
 “ huffy my daughter ; she has as good
 “ as told me to my face, she won’t have
 “ ’Squire Blowz ; I say, *do you mind me—*
 “ but no matter for that ; I’ll warrant
 “ her she shall have him. The poor
 “ young fellow is gone to make the
 “ *tower* of France and Italy, on purpose
 “ to qualify himself for the baggage, be-
 “ cause she told his father he was a clown
 “ and knew nothing. He took this jour-
 “ ney to please her genteel notions, and
 “ now she laughs when I speak of him,
 “ and says, he will return a greater fool
 “ than he went. The poor dear gentle-
 “ man writes letters to her that wou’d
 “ melt a piece of alabaster ; but she does
 “ nothing but make game of them.—But
 “ I smell a rat, and I’ll find it out ; it is a
 “ nephew of a rascally lawyer, who, tho’
 “ he may have the law on his side—d—m
 “ me if he shall ever have an acre of my
 “ land—I say, *do you mind me ;* but my
 “ heart

“ heart is too full to tell you any more at
“ present—so

“ I remain,

“ Your friend till death,

“ TIMOTHY ROSE.

“ P. S. As I forgot to invite the young
“ ladies I hear you have got at your
“ house, perhaps they may teach the
“ young baggage her duty; I had
“ lik’d to have forgot to tell you, my
“ old horse Smiler is dead; but I have
“ got his picture drawn, and hung in
“ my best parlour.”

This droll invitation afforded them much mirth, and as a melancholy still affected Miss Brookes, Mr. Greaves agreed to go on purpose, thinking the peculiar characters at Rose Hall might in some measure divert her. Miss Ellis expressed a great desire to see Miss Rose, from the extraordinary character of her father’s letter. “ She is a charming girl,” said Louisa;

Louisa; “ but her father wou’d not afford her any education proper for a young lady of her fortune. These defects are made ample amends for by her lively disposition and amiable qualities, added to a most beautiful person and engaging temper, without the least tincture of pride. ’Squire Rose, whose *intolerable* avaricious temper treats Miss Rose more like a dependent than his daughter, and though her fortune left by her grandmother entitles her to near a thousand pounds a year, he receives it, and allows her the *noble* sum of five shillings a week for pocket money; as for apparel, it is little better than one of his own poor tenant’s daughters; a linen gown is the best garment she wears”—Here Louisa was interrupted by a servant, who brought her a letter from the lady herself, as follows :

“ My

“ MY DEAR LOUISA,

“ I AM overjoy’d at your safe return,
 “ and am happy to hear that the amiable
 “ young lady, your father is guardian to,
 “ is to reside at White Hall : I have just
 “ received a command from my father to
 “ invite you and the ladies to Rose Hall,
 “ which, you may be sure, my dear, I most
 “ willingly obey. My cousins Green-
 “ ford are come down to stay two or three
 “ months, and our house is a scene of
 “ confusion from morning till night.
 “ This cannot be pleasing to my dear se-
 “ rious Louisa, but your presence will
 “ put a stop to their impertinencies. My
 “ father leads me a most unpleasant life
 “ about young Blowz, and my cousins
 “ say, he is a very proper match for such
 “ a country gawky as I am ; till, to rid
 “ myself of their very troublesome im-
 “ portunities, I declared, in my father’s
 “ presence, that I never would have him ;
 “ I was oblig’d to run out of the parlour,
 “ or I verily believe I shou’d have got the
 “ joint-

“ joint-stool thrown at my head ; but
 “ this is not the least, my dear Louisa,
 “ since my declaration ; my father has
 “ stopp’d my little pocket money, and
 “ my poor old nurse, who has partly
 “ been supported by my bounty, must
 “ now go to the parish, if your interest
 “ with my father cannot prevail on him
 “ to allow it me again. Indeed, my
 “ dear, I believe I must play the hypo-
 “ crite, and consent to receive the ad-
 “ dresses of this most intolerable booby
 “ when he comes home, and as that will
 “ not be for these twelve months at least,
 “ something in that time may intervene,
 “ and cause an alteration in my father’s
 “ mind. Old Blowz, who is possess’d of
 “ some very polite ideas, sent his whip-
 “ per-in (a notorious drunkard) to be
 “ his son’s companion, for the purpose
 “ of watching his morals and to keep
 “ him from running into extravagance.
 “ The first letters that were sent by these
 “ two gentlemen, were carefully brought
 “ by

“ by the booby’s father to mine, and
 “ were read before me with great com-
 “ mendations. I have got a few of these
 “ *valuable* epistles to entertain you with
 “ at Rose Hall, which I flatter myself
 “ will be in the course of a few days.—I
 “ have a thousand things to write, but I
 “ fear I have already intruded upon your
 “ time and patience; excuse me, my
 “ dear,

“ And believe me

“ Your sincere friend,

“ FANNY ROSE.

Miss Ellis was charmed with the candor and innocence of this epistle: “ I
 “ think,” said she, “ this young lady is
 “ the pattern of patience, and positively,
 “ I wou’d never marry without my own
 “ consent, as I deem that more essential
 “ to real happiness than all the cousins
 “ and fathers in the world; but I have
 “ no cause to fear such an arbitrary pow-
 “ er, for I often heard my father declare,
 “ that

“ that parents have no right to force their
 “ children’s inclinations, at the same
 “ time I confess, it is an unpardonable
 “ offence for a daughter to entertain a
 “ secret affection, or marry without their
 “ consent ; for they certainly are the
 “ best judges of what may be most con-
 “ ducive to their happiness :” — “ I
 “ think,” interrupted Louisa, “ this is
 “ too nice a distinction for us to decide
 “ upon, we had better refer it to some
 “ matron.” — “ Very true,” said Maria,
 “ suppose we wait till you’re married ?” —
 “ Then you will both die old maids—
 “ but I see my father at the lower end
 “ of the garden ; suppose we take a walk,
 “ and refer it to him ?” — But here was
 “ disappointment, for Miss Ellis would
 “ not suffer Louisa to mention a syllable
 “ of what had passed.

C H A P. VI.

CURIOSITY ever predominant in young minds, especially in females, made Maria and Miss Ellis long to be at Rose Hall; the character of the Squire, his daughter, and the two Miss Greenfords, wrought such numberless ideas in their youthful fancies, that their dreams constantly represented the different objects before them.—At last the wished-for day arrived, when they set off accompanied by Mr. Greaves on horse-back;—the fine country, and the beautiful prospects amused them till the carriage stopped at the door of an old-fashioned house, almost hid in the thick clusters of trees that surrounded it;—the door was quickly opened, when Fanny approached to meet them.—After the first congratulations were over, they were ushered into a large parlour, where
the

the old 'Squire was laid on a couch, with his legs wrapped up in flannel—at their entrance he rose, as well as his disorder would permit him, and welcomed the ladies to Rose Hall,—“ I have long wished for you,” said he, looking at Mr. Greaves, “ to remonstrate with that un-
 “ dutiful flut that stands there,” pointing to his daughter, “ she is resolved to
 “ break my heart, the stubborn jade.” Fanny was going to reply, but was stopped by her father, who threatened to knock her down with one of his crutches; which affected her so much, that she burst into tears, and left the room, Louisa followed her, whilst Mr. Greaves strove to pacify the 'Squire; “ Don't tell
 “ me,” cried Rose, “ an't she my own
 “ daughter, and an't she at my own
 “ disposal? Do you think I should beg
 “ of my own child? No, no, I warrant
 “ you, I will make her obey me, or I
 “ will chain her, and keep her on bread
 “ and water—no, no, she is a woman,

“and not to be indulged; I never
 “humoured her mother, and I shall not
 “begin with her.”—“Well, Sir,” said
 Mr. Greaves, “if in this manner you
 “force obedience, I am afraid you’ll
 “not meet with it; nay, was I your
 “daughter, and to receive such treat-
 “ment from you, I wou’d put it out of
 “your power, in taking refuge in some
 “more hospitable house, where I could
 “rest secure, till I had my fortune in
 “my own power.”—“Would you like
 “your own daughter to serve you in
 “that manner?” interrupted Mr. Rose.
 “—I certainly should deserve it,” said
 Mr. Greaves, “if I was brute enough
 “to treat her in the manner I saw you
 “treat Miss Rose just now.”—“Why,
 “how would you have me use her?”
 replied Mr. Rose; “has she not every
 “thing she wants?—“You should use
 “her as every father should use his
 “child, not as a tyrant, but as a friend;
 “reason with her.”—“Stop, stop,” said
 Mr.

Mr. Rose, “ pray let me ask you
 “ one question in my turn : What
 “ makes you talk of reasoning with a
 “ woman ; did you ever know one that
 “ had the least spark of reason ? ” —
 “ Yes,” answered Mr. Greaves, “ they are
 “ more rational than we are, though the
 “ strongest, and we, for that reason,
 “ tyrannically assume empire, and lordly
 “ claim authority over them.” — “ You
 “ are grown a mighty man at arguing,”
 said Rose, “ in defence of women ; but
 “ you may say what you please, I myself
 “ never knew one that had a spark of
 “ reason in her yet, and I’ll shew a pair
 “ presently, I mean my cousins Green-
 “ fords, they have got good fortunes,
 “ or they should not come here ; they
 “ keep the house in a continual up-
 “ roar from morning till night, with
 “ their whims ; but what of that, my
 “ daughter is their heir, and I shall get
 “ most of their money, or I would see
 “ the devil take them before they

“ should stun me with their infernal
 “ clacks. But I will tell you their his-
 “ tory, and you shall see what reason
 “ possesses them; but you must first
 “ promise to talk to my wench, and
 “ make her behave more dutiful in
 “ future.”—“ If you will promise,” re-
 plied Mr. Greaves, “ to keep your
 “ crutches and sticks for the use they
 “ were intended, for I am sure they
 “ were not made to be thrown at your
 “ daughter.”—“ I will take your advice,
 “ and won’t throw *nothing* at her while
 “ you are here.—But, let me tell you
 “ what queer gentry my cousins Green-
 “ fords are; you mayn’t know we are
 “ descended from a very great family—
 “ There is a barony that has lain for
 “ many years—faith I can’t think of the
 “ word”—“ *Dormant*, I suppose you
 “ mean,” replied Mr. Greaves.—“ True,
 “ that’s what I meant, but I can’t re-
 “ member your break-jaw words for the
 “ blood of me.—Well, these girls, and
 “ their

" their mother (who was my first cousin)
 " were one day rambling about the
 " fields, when an old b---h of a gipsy
 " peep'd over a hedge and begged to
 " tell them their fortunes :—they are
 " terrible devils, and I always commit
 " them to jail if I catch them in this
 " part of the country—well, they got
 " their fortunes told, and the lying jade,
 " for a shilling, told them they wou'd
 " have the titles of ladies before they
 " died ; home they went quite overjoy'd
 " at such good news, and after plaguing
 " their father till he was almost dead,
 " they bethought themselves of the
 " barony that had lain in what you said
 " just now ; well, they led the old man
 " such a life, that he was *fain* to mount
 " his horse and to set off for London to
 " ask for his title."—" Claim, you
 " mean," interrupted Mr. Greaves.—
 " Aye, perhaps it may be so, but be it
 " what it *woll*, his wife and daughters
 " were overjoyed at it. On his going,

“ they set about having the wainscots
 “ pull’d down, and new put up—tore
 “ down all the tapestry in the best room
 “ with their own hands, and had fine
 “ *thingumbob* paper put up in its
 “ place ;—nay, they could not be con-
 “ tent with squandering away so much
 “ money, but the eldest daughter, who
 “ by the bye, is as whimsical as the
 “ devil, told her mother that it wou’d
 “ not be fit for a lord till it had fash’d
 “ windows, and not nasty old fashion’d
 “ casements that made the house look
 “ like a prison. Orders were immedi-
 “ ately given for them to be taken out
 “ and fashes put in their places, and to
 “ be done immediately, that they might
 “ be finished before my *Lord* came home.
 “ —For my part, I thought they had em-
 “ ployed the Devil and Doctor Faustus
 “ about their house, I never saw any
 “ thing so *transmogrified* in the course
 “ of my whole life ; well, there was
 “ another thing to be done, and that
 “ directly,

“ directly, I never was so sorry in all
 “ my life—there was a fine old porch,
 “ with a bench on each side of it, where
 “ we used to sit and smooch in an even-
 “ ing; it was the pleasantest part of
 “ the whole house : I remonstrated with-
 “ them, but all in vain—down went the
 “ poor dear porch, and a great door was
 “ fixed in the place of it, with a large pair
 “ of red lamps over it, that would ruin a
 “ man in half a year, they burnt such a
 “ quantity of oil; the yew trees were
 “ cut down, and two little boys of stone
 “ put up in their places. In short, you
 “ cannot imagine what money these
 “ *reasonable* ladies squandered away upon
 “ a pack of d——d nonsense.—All this
 “ while the father was getting ~~as~~ forward
 “ as he could on his journey with his
 “ poor horse, who was very fond of
 “ going to prayers if he went out of his
 “ pace, that is, faster than a walk.—
 “ But, hark ! they are coming down
 “ stairs, and I must introduce you in
 G 5 “ form,

“form, or they will lead me about the
 “house by the nose when your back is
 “turned.”—At this moment the ladies
 entered the parlour, and making a slight
 inclination with their heads, sat down.—
 The ‘Squire rose from his couch as well
 as he was able, saying, “These are my
 “cousins, Mr. Greaves.”—“Is this
 “your introduction?” interrupted the
 youngest; “Have we no names?—your
 “cousins, truly!”—“Oh! I forgot,”
 said the ‘Squire, “Miss Agnes and
 “Miss ——.” “Stop, if you please,
 “did you ever hear any body mention
 “the youngest first?” cried the eldest.—
 “Odsso, O I had forgot myself, but I
 “know you’ll forgive me, for I am
 “always putting the cart before the
 “horse.”—“Cease your comparisons,
 “odious as yourself;” exclaimed Miss
 Agnes, “my sister’s trouble is all thrown
 “away upon you: three days was she
 “instructing you to introduce us in the
 “present fashion to your neighbours,
 “and

“ and this good company see it is entirely
 “ thrown away upon you, for you will
 “ never learn politeness.”—“ Why
 “ didn’t you learn Fan, then? she has
 “ a better memory than I have, especi-
 “ ally when it’s any thing about what
 “ you call manners.”—“ Pray, Sir, what
 “ do you mean by that, are we not
 “ ladies, and have we not been the best
 “ part of our lives in London, where
 “ we were made acquainted with all the
 “ fine *arts*, and every thing fit for ladies
 “ of quality to know; and how dare
 “ you use such an expression, as, what
 “ we call manners? It is well Lady
 “ Greenford is not alive to hear you,
 “ she wou’d have taught you to have
 “ remembered it.”—“ Do not put your-
 “ self out of temper, sister, with a little
 “ country’Squire,” interrupted Miss Brid-
 get, “ he is beneath our notice, we look
 “ with contempt upon his superiors.
 “ But he is mad, his disorder drives
 “ him mad.”—“ What have I said?”

replied the 'Squire.—“Aye, aye, hold your
 “ tongue, poor man ! look, dear sister,
 “ how wild he is about the eyes ! see
 “ how he stares ! Oh, Lord, he turns
 “ black about the mouth !—Aye, you
 “ know the old woman that *cast* the
 “ cards for us told us, a man as black
 “ as the king of spades, would die in
 “ convulsions before the year was out.”
 “ She is a liar ! she is a liar !” cried
 the 'Squire, unable to smother his passion
 any longer, “ I shan't die, I shan't die !
 “ all the old witches in the world have
 “ no power over me ; and I defy the
 “ devil ! I am better to-day than I ever
 “ was in all my life ! I---I look wild
 “ about the eyes—it's a lie ! and if a
 “ man had told me so, I wou'd have
 “ took him a lick of his head.”—Here
 the 'Squire jumping from his couch, took
 but one stride across the parlour—view-
 ing himself in the glass—The ladies
 scream'd, and ran away.—“ Here, here,”
 cried the 'Squire, “ I never looked better
 “ in

“ in all my life ; my eyes are quite
 “ bright ; I have not been in better
 “ health or appetite these seven years ;
 “ our’s is a very long-liv’d family, and
 “ I shall live to see my great-grand-
 “ children, and run a race with the
 “ youngest man in the village !”—Tho’
 rage and the wish to convince the ladies
 he should not die so soon as they imagin-
 ed, had made him leap across the room,
 yet, when his passion subsided, he was
 obliged to call for his crutches, and
 beg the assistance of Mr. Greaves to help
 him back again. Fanny, who heard the
 screams, and violent confusion, think-
 ing that some accident had happened to
 her father, ran down stairs, and bursting
 into the parlour, went up to him—fear
 had deprived her of the power of utter-
 ance, and she stood staring wildly at
 him—“ Is the wench mad ?” said he,
 “ How dare you come into this place
 “ till you was sent for ? I will turn you
 ‘ out of the house immediately—you
 “ are

“are sulky, Madam, are you? I’ll find
 “a way to humble that proud spirit of
 “yours, I warrant you.”—“Oh! dear
 “Sir,” said Fanny, “I was afraid some
 “accident had happened to you.”—
 “You lie, you wish me dead, as well as
 “the rest of them, but you won’t have
 “your wish, you good-for-nothing jade,
 “you won’t, I know you are all full of
 “deceit, and by G—d I’ll hamstring
 “you.”—“Mr. Greaves with much
 difficulty rescued Fanny from the unmer-
 ciful gripe of her father, who had caught
 fast hold of her arm, and was shaking
 her in a most dreadful manner. In the
 scuffle a piece of paper dropt from her
 bosom, which she hastily snatched up,
 and was conveying it into her pocket;
 but her father insisted on seeing what it
 was---the poor girl more dead than alive,
 trembling gave it him, and fell motion-
 less at his feet. Miss Brookes rung the
 bell, whilst Mr. Greaves lifted her off
 the floor:---the parlour was filled with
 the

the servants, who carried Fanny up to her chamber;---when the 'Squire opened the paper and found it contained a letter from young Mr. Groves, a gentleman who lived about four miles distant; rage now took possession of his whole soul, his hands trembled, his tongue faltered, his eyes roll'd, and he swore he wou'd murder his daughter the first time she came within his reach, ordering his housekeeper to lock her up, and bring him the key immediately.---

Maria now began to intercede for Fanny, but nothing could soften the 'Squire till Mr. Greaves ordered his carriage, informing Mr. Rose he could not bear to see the lady treated with so much severity."

—" Well, is it not enough? don't you
 " see what a devil she is?—Oh! that I
 " should live to be the father of such a
 " huffy."—" Let your daughter be
 " ever so disobedient, you don't take a
 " right method of reclaiming her," replied Mr. Greaves, " or bringing her to
 " a proper sense of her duty—parents
 " should

“ should never forget theirs, it does not
 “ consist in such harsh treatment; you
 “ have as great a right to study your
 “ daughter’s temper as she has your’s,
 “ nor have we any right to assume a
 “ tyrannical authority over our children;
 “ you treat your daughter like your
 “ slave, and by so doing, entirely for-
 “ feited the esteem due to you as a parent,
 “ and cause the young lady to look on
 “ you as a tyrant that usurps a right, and
 “ knows not how to use it.”—The old
 Squire, who was grown rather calm, re-
 plied, “ Would you not, my good
 “ friend, be in a passion at such beha-
 “ viour? I only desire to know if there
 “ is any excuse for her receiving letters
 “ without my knowing it?”—“ I grant
 “ it,” answered Mr. Greaves, “ but your
 “ behaviour is so austere, that Miss Rose
 “ is afraid of looking, much more of
 “ speaking.”—“ Well,” answered the
 Squire, “ I am resolved she shan’t have
 “ the rascal, and if ever he comes near this
 “ house,

"house, d—n me if I don't shoot him
 "with my bell-mouth'd gun—he is a
 "mean pitiful dog, and if I have not
 "my revenge on him, I will be hang'd.
 "Now, here's a pretty rascal, I'll read
 "you his letter; here, this one part will
 "shew you what a dog he is—" Do you
 "consent to make my happiness com-
 "plete? I have a friend that will marry
 "us,—(There's a villain for you.)
 "Your fortune is the least of my con-
 "cern—it is your angelic person.—
 "There's a pretty rascal—Yes, I sup-
 "pose he wants no fortune—no, and I
 "don't intend the man that she marries
 "shall have any till my death; then, if
 "she is alive, she shall have what her
 "grandmother left her, and not before:
 "whoever has her is to sign an agree-
 "ment, not to trouble me for one
 "farthing; and young 'Squire Blowz
 "has sign'd the articles for that purpose,
 "before he went abroad."—"And, do
 "you think that is doing by your
 "daugh-

“ daughter, as you wou’d wish to be
 “ done by?”—“ Yes, it is the fittest
 “ for a father to keep his daughter’s
 “ money, he can make the most of it;
 “ besides, it is a bad custom to give
 “ fortunes to a foolish wench; and she
 “ shan’t have one penny of her’s.”—“ If
 “ this is your method of proceeding,”
 answered Mr. Greaves, “ I should think
 “ Miss Rose justifiable in marriage with-
 “ out your consent or knowledge.”—
 “ Oh! the wickedness of this world!”
 reply’d the ’Squire; “ but I’ll say no
 “ more, let it drop; I warrant you I’ll
 “ mind her. Here, you, Mrs. Brittle, I
 “ charge you in the name of Timothy
 “ Rose, one of his Majesty’s justices of
 “ the peace, not to aid or assist my
 “ daughter in writing to, or seeing that
 “ rascal Groves; and I furthermore
 “ charge you to tell the rest of the ser-
 “ vants to watch her wherever she goes,
 “ as my friend here, won’t stay if she is
 “ locked up; and I charge you to send
 “ some

“ some of the servants to follow her when-
 “ ever she goes out ; so tell her to come
 “ down stairs, I want to see her, *and mind*
 “ —*do you hear me ?* if any of you neglect
 “ my orders, I’ll send you to jail for a
 “ month next sessions, and I *won’t* give
 “ you a character.”—Fanny came trem-
 bling, leaning on Louisa’s arm :—
 “ An’t you a pretty huffy ?” said the
 father ; “ now I have sent for you to tell
 “ you, you may break your heart, and
 “ go to the devil, for you shall marry
 “ *nobody* but ’Squire Blowz ; and if ever
 “ I catch you writing or receiving let-
 “ ters from any one else, I’ll chop your
 “ legs off : so now be a good girl, and
 “ mind what I say to you.”—Over-
 whelmed with sorrow Fanny fell at her
 father’s feet—“ Forgive me, dear Sir,”
 said she, “ and don’t force me to
 “ marry Mr. Blowz, and I most
 “ solemnly assure you, I will never marry
 “ without your consent ; do not, my
 “ dear father.”—This scene drew tears
 from

from all the company except the 'Squire, who pushed his daughter from him, and, in the most surly tone of voice told her, he would drag her to the church with 'Squire Blowz, tho' he was sure she would hang herself the moment she return'd. Fanny made no reply, but let fall a shower of tears—Mr. Greaves interposed, and she was permitted to retire to her room for the remainder of the day, accompanied by Louisa, Maria, and Miss Ellis.

“ A hypocrite is a most detestable
 “ character,” said Fanny, as she seated
 herself in her chamber, “ yet I must
 “ call hypocrisy to my aid, or I shall
 “ not be able to exist, for my father is
 “ resolved to sacrifice my happiness to
 “ that brute, because he vainly imagines,
 “ that he will not demand my fortune
 “ till his death, and to satisfy his avarice,
 “ I am doom'd to lead a life of
 “ inexpressible misery.”—“ Time,” said
 Louisa, tenderly, (leaning over her afflicted

afflicted friend) “ may cause a change in
 “ your father’s or your mind—do not
 “ despond, my dear, you will ruin your
 “ health.”—“ If it was my case,” in-
 terrupted Miss Ellis, “ I would not
 “ tamely submit to such treatment:
 “ when parents divest themselves of all
 “ feelings due to humanity, I see no
 “ duty incumbent on a child to render
 “ them that blind obedience that will
 “ cause the remainder of their lives
 “ to be wretched.”—“ Oh!” replied
 Fanny, “ I am not like any other young
 “ lady, I am kept destitute of both
 “ money and cloaths; a few linen gowns
 “ is my whole wardrobe, and a white
 “ muslin one, that I am permitted to
 “ wear when I go to church; my little
 “ pocket-money I always allow’d my
 “ poor old nurse, that, I am now de-
 “ priv’d of, and I was obliged to bor-
 “ row five shillings of the housekeeper
 “ this morning, to send to her, or the
 “ poor creature wou’d starve.—I have
 “ long

“ long struggled against the aversion I
 “ entertain for the idiot I am doom’d to
 “ pass my life with; I have called
 “ duty, obedience, honour, and every
 “ imagination I could suggest, to my
 “ aid, but it is all in vain, and only
 “ serves to add misery to my helpless
 “ situation. If I pay not an implicit
 “ obedience to my father’s most rigid
 “ commands, I am then upbraided as
 “ an ungrateful wretch, lock’d up, and,
 “ like a guilty criminal, pursued with-
 “ out mercy: and now he strives, in
 “ order to gratify his detestable avarice,
 “ to render me wretched: all obliga-
 “ tions are cancell’d, and from his un-
 “ just declaration this day, I cannot
 “ think I am in any respect blameable
 “ by removing from his authority, the
 “ first opportunity that offers.” The
 inconsistent behaviour of the ’Squire ren-
 dered it impossible for the ladies to say
 a word in his favour. Louisa only
 begg’d Fanny to consider, and not to
 act.

act rashly, or, by avoiding one evil, fall into a worse;—"Alas! my dear," reply'd Fanny, "you cannot form a picture of the brute my father wishes to join me to: you shall read his letters, they will give you a faint idea of him."—Here the housekeeper interrupted Fanny, by saying, she was coming to lay the cloth, and informing her, that, in spite of the entreaties of Mr. Greaves, her father had sworn, she shou'd not quit her chamber, till she consented to be the wife of the young 'Squire; "and indeed, Miss," said Mrs. Brittle, "you may thank God these young ladies were here, or we shou'd none of us been able to have sav'd you when my master found that letter. I hope these ladies will be good enough to stay here till he's a little reconciled to you, but I am afraid that will not be while the Miss Greenfords are in the house, as they are just come down to dinner, and
 "are

“are aggravating him against you,
 “Miss, and advising my master to write
 “for old 'Squire Blowz, and settle
 “every thing with him, and desire
 “him to send for his son home directly,
 “for they say, if he lets you out of his
 “sight, they are sure you will play him
 “some trick, and Miss Agnes is to write
 “the letter this afternoon, and their
 “footman is to carry it, as he is afraid
 “of trusting any of us.”——

The young ladies met early the next morning in Fanny's chamber to breakfast, and as Louisa had previously consulted her father, it was agreed they should not come down till they had obtained her release; it was Sunday, and as 'Squire Rose was in his own opinion very religious, he made it his constant practice to go to church and take his whole family with him; Louisa, Miss Brookes, and Miss Ellis, were early dressed, and Fanny, who had expected to attend hem, was dressed also; the most
lively

lively gaiety reigned in her countenance; an inexpressible joy seemed to dilate herself throughout her whole frame, and rendered every thing she said or did charmingly attracting: she wore her white muslin gown and petticoat neatly trimmed with lilac ribband, her dark hair hung in careless ringlets over her shoulders, and a Scotch bonnet tied under her chin with a bunch of ribbands, which was all the finery her father permitted her to wear: though not tall, her form was elegant, and nature, profusely lavish, had bestowed on her one of the most beautiful faces that ever caused envy in her own sex, or raised admiration in the other. Fanny had a girdle that had been made a present to her by a young lady that had been a school-fellow of her's, and to add to her neat finery, Louisa had persuaded her to wear it, promising to take the fault on herself: for such a tyrant was Rose, that his daughter durst not put on a ribband without first

asking his leave. Fanny had scarcely put the girdle round her slender waist, when Brittle came with a message from her father, desiring her not to dress, for she should not stir any where till young 'Squire Blowz was come home, and *he should take her to church*, informing her at the same time, that the Miss Greenfords had sent their compliments to the other ladies, and shou'd be happy in the pleasure of their company with them; as this was a piece of malice easily seen through, to deprive Fanny of their company, and to make her situation the more afflicting, they returned their compliments to Miss Bridget and Miss Agnes, and begged they would excuse them, as Miss Rose found herself rather indisposed, and could not think of leaving her. "Oh, my
 "God!" cried Miss Bridget, when the servant delivered the message; "what
 "impudent country flirts! they are not
 "conscious of the honour done them;
 "they are mere clod-gentry!"—"Ha,

“ha, ha! my dear sister, they are be-
 “neath women of quality’s notice,”
 replied the youngest; “but we will go
 “and acquaint old Rose, that his
 “daughter pretends to be indisposed on
 “purpose to hinder the young ladies
 “from going to church.”—“Well,”
 answered the ’Squire, “what can I
 “do?”—“Why ask Mr. Greaves,”
 cried Agnes.—“I have,” he replied,
 “and he says his daughter is at liberty
 “to act as she pleases.”—“Very fine,
 “truely,” answered she; “and so your
 “daughter is to do as she pleases, be-
 “cause *his* is not to be contradicted?”—
 “Why, what has she been doing now?”
 replied the ’Squire, peevishly; “you
 “plague my life out about that girl.”—
 “Oh, Sir! if these are all the thanks
 “we get for the care and trouble we have
 “taken in watching her, when you were
 “not able yourself, you may for the
 “future look after her *yourself*, and mind
 “she does not give you the slip.”—

“Aye, but I’ll take care of that, I war-
 rant you.”—“I am glad to hear it,”
 said Miss Bridget, “and depend on it,
 “we will give you no more information,
 “let the consequence be what it will,”
 said she.—“I don’t *valley* her running
 “away one *farden*,” interrupted the
 Squire, “for I was looking over Burn’s
 Justice last night, and find she is not
 “intitl’d to one penny of fortune, if she
 “was to run away before she is of age;
 “so I tell you, I don’t *valley* it one *far-*
 “*den*.”—“You will find yourself much
 “mistaken,” replied Miss Bridget, “for
 “she will claim her fortune, and you
 “must give it her too.”—“I tell you it
 “is no such a thing, and the whole
 “world sha’n’t persuade me that Burn’s
 “Justice is *wrong*.”—“No! the court
 “of *Equity* will tell you so.”—“D—n
 “the Court of Equity! where’s that to
 “be found? I don’t *valley equity* a fig.”—
 “I believe you,” answered the lady,
 “but the bell rings for church, we are
 “going.”

“going.”—“Stay a moment,” replied the ‘Squire, “and I will send for her down stairs, and you shall hear what a charge I will give her.”—“And much it will be minded,” said Miss Bridget.—Brittle was sent with a message for Fanny to come down stairs; she obeyed, but begged the company of Louisa, who replied, “Your father may have something in private to communicate to you, my dear, and you had better go down by yourself.”—“No,” interrupted Fanny, “he only wants to throw his crutches at me, and I really am afraid to go down without you, as your presence will awe him.”—“We had then better stay a little time,” replied Louisa, “before we go down stairs, when we will call on your father as if accident, to inquire after his health, and you may come down while we are there.”—This agreed upon, they went down, as if they had been going to walk round the lawn, and seeing the

parlour door open, went in. "Well, " how do you, ladies ?" said the 'Squire, " I thought you were lost."—" No, Sir," answered Louisa ; " Miss Rose's indisposition will plead our excuse."—" Yes," replied the 'Squire, " she is " never dispos'd to do as I bid her, if " she was, she *needn't be* as she is."—" I " am sure, Sir," replied Louisa, " Miss " Rose would do any thing to make you " happy."—" No, no !" answered he, " she won't, I tell you, she won't ; for " she won't have the man I want her to " have ; but I'll make her, so there's an " end of the matter."—Mr. Greaves, who had been walking in the garden, came in just as he had pronounced his determination. " You have forgot the " promise you made me, Mr. Rose," said Mr. Greaves.—The 'Squire was going to reply, when Fanny came in, her father receiving her in the most forbidding manner. " Is this the way you " obey my orders, you undutiful slut " you ?

“ you ? Didn’t I send you word that you
 “ shou’dn’t dress yourself to-day ? ” — “ I
 “ was dress’d, Sir, before I receiv’d your
 “ commands,” replied Fanny. — “ You
 “ dress’d before you receiv’d my com-
 “ mands, you hypocrite ! yes, you was
 “ dress’d to meet your *fellow* ; but it
 “ won’t do, it won’t do ; and what’s that,
 “ an old garter that’s round your waist ?
 “ why you are mad ; I insist on your
 “ pulling it off and giving it to me : I
 “ suppose it is some present from Jack
 “ Groves.” — “ Indeed, Sir,” said Fan-
 ny, “ Miss Jennings gave it to me
 “ when she left school.” — “ You lie,
 “ you lie,” interrupted the ‘Squire ;
 “ it is some trumpery bawble that he has
 “ given you, and you sha’n’t wear it, so
 “ pull off directly.” — “ What shou’d
 “ Miss Rose pull it off for ? ” answered
 Louisa, “ I am confident it was given
 “ her by the young lady she men-
 “ tions.” — “ Oh, no ! ” interrupted
 Miss Bridget, with a sneer ; “ pray let

“ her wear it, it becomes her mighti-
 “ ly.” — “ Oh, yes! answered Miss
 Agnes, “ I dare say she fancies she has
 “ a mighty delicate waist.” — “ I wou’d
 “ venture to lay a wager that it will not
 “ fit any lady but the wearer,” said Mr.
 Greaves. — “ Oh Lard, Sir! we are not
 “ going to try it on; if we did,” re-
 plied Miss Agnes, “ we shou’d find it
 “ a prodigious deal too big: it is not
 “ worth our while to stay contending
 “ here, as I find none of the company
 “ dispos’d for church this morning;”
 so taking her sister by the hand, walked
 to their carriage. — “ Don’t you go?”
 said Mr. Greaves to the ’Squire. — “ No,
 “ I think I’ll stay at home, and give Fan
 “ a little advice. Now come here, Fan,
 “ and hear what I am going to say to
 “ you, mind me, if you don’t, I’ll mur-
 “ der you; you may think yourself well
 “ off that you are not kept on bread and
 “ water; but it is not every father that’s
 “ like me.” — “ I know it, Sir,” inter-
 rupted

rupted Fanny.—“ Well, then, you pert
 “ huffy, why don’t you mind what I
 “ say, and behave better ? An’t I your
 “ father ? And what do you think will
 “ become of you if you go on in this
 “ manner ? Aye, answer me that ques-
 “ tion.”—“ I don’t know, Sir,” replied
 Fanny.—“ I believe, indeed, you don’t
 “ know, because you spend your time in
 “ reading wicked books, instead of work-
 “ ing at your needle and assisting the
 “ housekeeper. Ah, Fan, Fan ! you’re
 “ a bad girl, and you’ll break your poor,
 “ dear father’s heart.”—“ Indeed, Sir,”
 replied Fanny, bursting into tears, “ I
 “ will not.”—“ And dost thou say true,
 “ Fanny ?” cried her father.—“ Yes,
 “ indeed,” replied she.—“ Then you
 “ won’t have *nothing* to say to that fellow,
 “ Jack Groves ?”—“ Indeed, Sir, if
 “ you will not force me to marry Mr.
 “ Blowz, I will never marry without
 “ your consent.”—“ Aye, aye, Fan,
 “ that won’t do, none of your evasions,

“ you shall have Blowz or nobody. I
 “ charge you on your duty to think of
 “ nobody else, and what’s more, let me
 “ catch you on the outside of the garden
 “ if you dare, so think on what I tell
 “ you, and I sha’nt go to church to-day,
 “ but stay at home to keep you and the
 “ young ladies company.”—Fanny pro-
 mised to obey her father, who grew much
 better tempered than he had been ever
 since Mr. Greaves and the ladies had
 been at Rose Hall---and at the request
 of Mr. Greaves he resumed the history
 of the Miss Greenfords.

C H A P. VII.

I LEFT off in that part of the history of the Miss Greenfords, where the ladies and their mother had the porch pulled down; and all this was done before their poor old father had got fifteen miles from home, for he, good man, was more careful than his extravagant daughters, and never rode more than two or three miles in a day, for fear he should tire his horse, that was within a few years of being as old as himself; he put up at little public houses, for he avoided great inns, because they made such large bills; and as he was sitting in the parlour, the parson and barber came in to smoke their pipes: they had not sat long before they fell to discoursing on politics. The barber insisted the present parliament consisted of a set of men not to be named

amongst honest ones, whilst the parson insisted, they were the purest and best men that ever sat in the House ; whilst they were in the height of debate the exciseman entered, who was immediately appointed arbitrator by the landlord ; but the barber would not consent to admit of his decision, as he held a place under government ; he therefore said, he was sure he would give it in favour of ministry ; in vain did the exciseman protest to the contrary, but the barber would not hear a word. “ Well,” cried the landlord, “ here is a gentleman,” pointing to my cousin, “ let him decide the cause ;” but my cousin, poor fellow, said, “ It was entirely out of his power, “ as he never minded any thing but “ what kind of a crop he should have, “ and when quarter day came, that he “ might collect his rents ; but if I must “ give my opinion,” said my cousin, “ I “ can’t think them fair men, or they “ would not load us with taxes, when “ there

“there was no occasion for them; but
 “my wife would give you a better ac-
 “count of them than I can, for she reads
 “all the papers, and takes the maga-
 “zines in.” — “Aye, aye,” cried the
 barber; “she is a sensible woman, I’ll
 “answer for’t; pretty tolerable, as wo-
 “men go now-a-days,” with a shrug of
 his shoulders. — “No happiness is per-
 “fect in this world,” said the parson. —
 Now you must know, my cousin had no
 great opinion of parsons ever since he
 quarrelled with the parson of his own
 parish about some tithes that he laid
 claim to, so he made no answer to his
 speech about *happiness*, but invited the
 barber to take a cup of ale with him,
 and smook a pipe for the remainder of
 the evening. In the course of conver-
 sation my cousin told him his errand
 to town; the barber lifted up his eyes:
 “Sir,” said he, “you have the appear-
 “ance of a gentleman and an honest
 “man, therefore take my advice, and
 “never

“ never forfeit that title for the paltry
 “ one of a Lord ; besides it will cost you
 “ a thousand pounds only to get your
 “ right, that is, your *title*, I mean.”—
 My cousin started, and swore, “ He
 “ would not give a thousand pence, no,
 “ not for the title of a Duke, nor one
 “ *farden* for all the titles that had ever
 “ been invented since pride first inhe-
 “ rited man, and vanity made him ima-
 “ gine himself better than his neigh-
 “ bour.”—In short, the barber gave such
 weighty reasons, and the expence that
 would attend the business, that my cou-
 sin made a solemn resolution, that he
 never would lay claim to his title, let his
 wife and daughters break their hearts,
 “ an’ they wou’d.”—The landlord was a
 good fellow, and joined in persuading
 my cousin not to be a Lord, but stay at
 his house for a few days, and when he
 returned home, to tell his family it could
 not be done till the next year : this
 scheme was readily approved of by my
 cousin,

cousin, who spent near a fortnight there. —During this time, as I told you, his house at home was turned topsy-turvy; and his daughters and their mother not chusing to wait his return, ordered the servants to call them my Ladies, and to tell every person in the village, that their master was made a Peer, and their mistress a Countess. The time was now expired for his intended stay at the ale-house; so, after taking leave of his landlord and the barber, he set forward on his journey home. After travelling near a fortnight, he arrived at his house about nine in the evening; but seeing a pair of lamps over the street door, and fine new sashes instead of casements, he concluded he had mistaken his way, and rode on till he came to a public house, where he put up for that night: in the morning he inquired of the landlady, which was the road to St. Westrays, and was, to his great surprize, informed that he had rode near three miles beyond his
own

own house. "But pray, Sir," said the woman, "to what part are you going?" — "Why, good woman, I was going to the Great House," (for it was the biggest in the whole village, and called by that name.) — "Oh! dear Sir," answered the landlady, "we poor folks call it the Fine House now; they say the 'Squire is made a Lord of, and instead of plain Madam and Misses, they are called my Ladies." — "Aye," cried my cousin; "how do you know all this, good woman?" — "Why, an't please your honour, as for me myself, I *does* not know much about 'um, as I have not liv'd long here; but the neighbours have told me the 'Squire is a good kind of man himself, but his madam and daughters are so *nation** proud, that they *dozn't* think the poor people good enough to wipe their shoes on." — "I am sorry for it," answered

* This is a word used by country people to avoid swearing.

my cousin, and not wishing to enter into farther discourse with the woman, for fear, as I suppose, of hearing more than he liked about his wife and daughters, set off towards his own house : when he arrived there, every body called him my Lord ; and the servants, to shew their respect, would not come within a yard of him, and kept at such a distance, that when they carried any thing he wanted, a stranger would have thought they were afraid of being bit by their master ; and in short, there was so much form and such decorum, that my cousin persuaded himself that their heads were turned with pride, and found it necessary to declare at once, he was not a Lord, nor never would be one. This threw the old lady and her daughters into fits for near an hour, and raised such a bustle throughout the house, that the 'Squire half repented telling the truth ; but I kept him to it : “ Lord, man,” says I, “ if you suffer them to go on at this
“ rate,

“ rate, you won’t get a neighbour in
 | “ the place to smoak a pipe with you.
 “ Didn’t you see how they turn’d up
 “ their noses at ’Squire Staytape and his
 “ wife, when they called on you the
 “ other day, and, after they were gone,
 “ said, They would not visit such com-
 “ mon folks, because they had kept a
 “ haberdasher’s shop in London; be-
 “ sides, we are deprived of the pleasure
 “ of smoaking a cheerful pipe under the
 “ mulberry-tree in the garden, because,
 “ forsooth, it was *wulgar*, and no noble-
 “ man *shouldn’t* be seen to do such things
 “ in the eyes of his servants; and if you
 “ speak to your servants with good na-
 “ ture, or laugh, your wife and daugh-
 “ ters pull their faces as long as my arm,
 “ and cry, Fie, O *Lard!* how you dis-
 “ grace us with *wulgar* familiarities with
 “ those common wretches. You are to
 “ do as you please; but if this is the
 “ life you are to lead, you had better let
 “ them put a collar round your neck
 “ at

“ at once, and tie you up like the great
 “ dog, and lead you wherever they
 “ please.” — “ True, true,” cried my
 cousin, “ I will be my own master.” —
 By this time the ladies were brought out
 of their fits, and began to abuse the
 ‘Squire in a most unmerciful manner ;
 but he looked at me, and kept his story.
 When they found that neither fits nor
 threats took any effect on my cousin,
 they retired in tears to their chamber,
 vowing revenge both on him and me (for
 the daughters had observed their father
 looking at me several times before he
 answered them) leaving us masters of the
 field : but we did not remain long so,
 for they laid a most diabolical plan to
 destroy all the happiness my cousin had
 schemed : this was nothing less than to
 swear he was mad, and by that means
 make the country people disbelieve what
 he should say, and enable them to keep
 their titles. After this was settled, they
 dried up their tears, and with seeming
 great

great good nature, came down to supper, which when over, the old lady took an opportunity of giving me a private hint, that my company could be very well dispensed with, letting me know at the same time, that if I stayed it would cause another uproar, and her husband would be the sufferer by it. As I did not wish any disturbance on my account, I ordered my horse, and quitted the Great House, giving some trifling reason for it; indeed, I durst not let him know the true one, for his wife was such a virago, that she would have broke my head the first time she had seen me afterwards, tho' it had been in a church.

Well, Sir, the third day after my departure, as they were sitting at dinner, they began to abuse the poor man, and told him, how they shou'd be laugh'd at by all the ladies in the country, and concluded, by advising him to continue his title, as no person in the village cou'd contradict it. He was a little passionate on

on the occasion, and swore he wou'd turn the first person out of his house that he heard call any of them my lady. This was just what they wanted, and they fell on the 'Squire on the most unmerciful manner imaginable—who, rouz'd by repeated insults, caught up a hot apple pie that stood by him on the table, and flung it at his eldest daughter—the wife was not long in returning the compliment, for, snatching up a damson tart that stood next herself, she flung it plump in her husband's face—murder was the cry of each of the combatants, and the two daughters running up to the father, cry'd out, he is mad, he is mad, and pinion'd him down to the chair; the room was filled in an instant with servants, who seeing the crimson streams of the damsons running down their master's beard, and his daughters holding him down in his chair, concluded he was really mad, and had attempted to lay violent hands on himself; this was confirmed by the
old

old lady running about the room wringing her hands, crying "Oh ! if it had not been for me, he wou'd have murder'd us all and himself too." Not a word that my cousin said was paid the least attention to, till his rage exceeding all bounds, he made a violent effort to recover his liberty, and springing out of his chair overset both his daughters with the table, and seizing a bottle of wine that stood on the side board, threw it against a looking glass that fronted him, breaking it into a thousand pieces, and snatching up the poker, swore that he wou'd do for the first that approached or molested him ;—"Secure him, secure him," cry'd his wife and daughters, "for he will do mischief to some of us ;" this was enough, the poor man rolled his eyes, and swore he wou'd murder them all, if they did not quit the room ; but one of the servants flipp'd behind and laid fast hold of his collar, while another ran for ropes, with which they presently bound

bound both his hands and legs. An apothecary was now sent for by the wife, who pretended to be so afflicted at her husband's situation that she fell into one of her fits.—Thus circumstanced were things when the doctor entered into the room, the two daughters kneeling by their mother, who was laying along the ground, and the father, bound, lying on the side of the floor, swearing, and his eyes ready to start from his head. This son of Galen, looking round, and walking up to my cousin, *cried*, “He is far gone, indeed,” and seating himself, pulled out an almanack from his pocket, to see how the old moon was, “D—n the moon and you too,” cried my cousin, “let me loose, let me loose—“ Ah! poor gentleman, you are in a terrible condition.” By this time the lady thought proper to come out of the fit she had been in, and in a most lamentable voice, begged the doctor to do what lay in his power to relieve her *Lord* from his dreadful and
alarms

alarming disorder. "How long is it since
 " your *Ladyship* discovered the first symp-
 " toms of his *Lordships* insanity,"—" Oh
 " Lard, doctor !" replied her *Ladyship*,
 " ever since he returned from London;
 " poor soul, he did not know his own
 " house, but rode three miles beyond it,
 " and when he returned it was half an
 " hour before the groom cou'd persuade
 " him to get him off his horse, for he
 " sat staring about him, and swearing
 " the house did not stand in the same
 " place, that he left it in."—" Aye, those
 " were strong symptoms, indeed, and
 " he must go through a course of physic;
 " let me see what age his *Lordship* is.—"
 " Just sixty," replied her *Ladyship*, weep-
 " ing.—" Aye, that is the grand climac-
 " teric, and if care is not taken to re-
 " store him, he will remain insane all his
 " life-time." At this dreadful intelli-
 " gence, the two ladies joined lamentations
 " with their mother, and nothing was to
 " be heard but cries and sobs; whilst my
 poor

poor cousin had rav'd till he was scarce able to speak ; but listening to the latter part of the doctor's sagacious discourse, he thought it wou'd be best to dissemble, and try to get liberty by those means.—“ God help me,” said he, “ what have I been doing ? For God's sake, doctor, unbind me, and let me be carried up stairs to bed.” As this was the first time he had spoke without passion, the doctor began to listen, and ordered the men to untie their master's legs, and let him sit down : this was no sooner done, than his wife and daughters went up to him with the most mournful air, and asked him, how he felt himself, assuring him his hands should be untied the moment he was better.—This unparalleled impudence made him once more break the bounds of reason, for jumping up, he made a spring towards the door, and overset the doctor, who was very coolly examining the almanack, and ran down stairs ; but, alas !

poor soul, his evil genius attended him that day ; for when he came to the hall door, it was shut, and his hands were not at liberty to open it : the whole house was again in an uproar ; my poor cousin was forced up stairs, and his legs made faster than ever ; unluckily for him, the doctor in falling, had the skin graz'd off his forehead, this was a dangerous wound, and my cousin being secured, was pronounced an outrageous lunatic ; to finish this pretty farce, he was carried to bed, his room darkened, and two men appointed to attend him, who would not give ear to his entreaties. The doctor shewed his wound to all the people within twenty miles of the place, and if an angel had come down from heaven to have contradicted it, it would not have been believed. This treatment so affected my cousin, and with the lowness of the diet, that it brought on a fit of the gout, which settled on his stomach and ended his life,

after

after a cruel confinement of three months, leaving his wife and daughters to enjoy their imaginary titles. But the mother did not long survive her husband ; for she died in less than twelve months afterwards, leaving her daughters in possession of a good estate. After a few months, they set off for London, where they hired an elegant house in the most fashionable part of the town, residing there all the winter, by the names of the Miss Greenfords, and in the summer at Rose Hall, by the titles of Lady *Bridget* and Lady *Agnes* Greenford ; when they first went to London, they would admit of no suitors without a title, but I fancy they have verified the old proverb, “ overstood their markets.”—So I am pretty secure, for no lord will have them, and their pride will not let them marry a commoner.—“ You may be “ mistaken in your conjectures,” replied Mr. Greaves, “ for single women, of “ their characters, never think them-

“ selves old, but the nearer they ap-
 “ proach to seventy, the greater they
 “ coquet, and to the last moment of
 “ their lives are justly named *Old Girls*.
 “ If my observations are right, I think
 “ the Miss Greenfords would wave titles
 “ and accept plain Mr. for their hus-
 “ bands.” At the conclusion of this
 history, the young ladies earnestly re-
 quested the 'Squire to grant Miss Rose
 leave to walk in the garden, and as he
 was then in a better humour than he had
 been for some days, it was easily com-
 plied with.

C H A P. VIII.

AS the bird that is newly taken, flutters in its cage and pants for liberty, so, when he regains it, skims lightly through the air, and tastes the joys it knew not before its escape from the wiry prison, even so did the lovely Fanny in the company of her three friends, through whose kind interposition she had regained her's. After diverting themselves for some time, they adjourned to an alcove, near the shrubbery, at the extreme end of the pleasure ground :—here Louisa began to rally her friend, on her care in concealing from her knowledge her affection for Mr. Groves ; Fanny was going to reply, when they were alarmed by a rustling of the bushes, and, turning round, caught hold of Louisa.—The name of Groves quivering from her lips, Louisa, looking towards the place from

whence the noise issued, saw a young gentleman breaking his way through some thick brambles that lined the inside of the paling. His eyes were eagerly fixed on Fanny, who stood trembling by Louisa; he sprang forwards, fearless of danger, and catching his beloved fair one in his arms, exclaimed, "Is it possible! must I lose you—and shall I live to see you another's? No; I cannot, I will not—by Heavens! I will not."—Without giving her time to reply, he drew a pistol from his pocket. Miss Ellis, whose courage never failed to assist her in the time of danger, with an amazing resolution caught hold of his hand, and turning it, the pistol went off, and discharged its contents in a tree, at a small distance from the spot. Fanny, with tears, asked him the meaning of this distracted behaviour; but he, turning from her, bid her ask her own heart. "Why, Sir, if I do," returned she, "it will reproach me with disobedience; and, from

“ from the conjecture I draw from
 “ your present behaviour, warns me
 “ from ever putting myself in your
 “ power.”——“ You are right, Miss
 “ Rose, very right ; but why not let me
 “ know your change of sentiments before
 “ this time ? Why make an unfortunate
 “ man believe you had an affection for
 “ him, and then inform him by a letter,
 “ which I received last night, that all the
 “ tendernefs you ever had for me is to-
 “ tally obliterated, for a reason you shall
 “ not trouble yourself to explain ?—
 “ (though I might easily guess) that you
 “ would instantly follow your father’s ad-
 “ vice, and was that moment going to
 “ write to Blowz, to whom you intend-
 “ ed to give your hand.”---“ It is false,”
 interrupted Fanny ; “ whatever letter
 “ you may have received, I have not
 “ wrote one to you since the arrival of
 “ these ladies at Rose Hall, and you say
 “ you received one from me last night---
 “ These ladies were witnesses to the cruel
 I.4 “ treatment

“ treatment I bore on your account, and
 “ had it not been for them, you would
 “ not have seen me here ; for, I really
 “ believe, my father would have kept
 “ me confined till the return of Blowz,
 “ and forced me to have given my hand
 “ to that detested wretch ; but, conscious
 “ of my innocence, I think I have alrea-
 “ dy said too much.”---“ Not whilst I
 “ have this in my possession,” cried
 Groves, pulling out the letter, and giving
 it to Fanny, desired her to look at it.
 “ It is a nice copy,” said she, “ but it is
 “ not my hand ; and had you taken the
 “ trouble to have compared it with any
 “ letter of mine, it would soon have con-
 “ vinced you.”—“ I have done as you
 “ desired me, (burned every letter I re-
 “ ceived from you.)” Louisa, recollect-
 ing herself, said that she had in her poc-
 ket-book Fanny’s letter, and, giving it
 into the hands of Groves, bid him con-
 vince himself of the error he had been
 led into by the writer of this, which had
 caused

caused such distraction. A few moments observation satisfied him of the mistake, and the rash behaviour he had been guilty of. Overcome with sorrow he fell at the feet of Fanny, and, in the most submissive manner, implored his forgiveness. "No, Sir," replied she: "If I may judge of your future behaviour from your past, I shall draw an unfavourable conclusion of"—"Oh! do not pronounce my destruction," interrupted Groves: "I see my error---I see---I feel it---have some pity for a wretch, who has, for these last twenty-four hours, been in a state little short of distraction. Oh! could you but imagine what torture I have endured, you would not only forgive, but forget. When I assure my angel, that the loss of you would be worse than death, I have ever thought, whatever some modern authors, who bring in, in the most amazing manner, their heroes and heroines, that have long loved and

“ sworn eternal constancy to each other,
 “ by some incidents to hate without the
 “ least remembrance of the affection they
 “ once entertained, and suddenly fall in
 “ love with the person they have ever
 “ held in utter detestation; but, in my
 “ poor opinion, I must beg leave to dis-
 “ approve this strange way of *elevation*
 “ and *surprising*. Now to differ from
 “ those moderns who have left so many
 “ *excellent* patterns would be highly af-
 “ fronting; yet I cannot help declaring,
 “ that, whenever love once takes posses-
 “ sion of the heart, the Little God is not
 “ so easily expelled; and, though the
 “ parties may be separated, still there
 “ will remain a tenderness, that the sight
 “ of the object will always revive.”---

Of this disposition was Fanny, though
 highly provoked at Mr. Groves's rash
 indiscretion; yet, seeing his contrition,
 found herself unable to dissemble, and,
 shedding tears, gave her hand in token of
 forgiveness. Groves fell on his knees,
 and

and kissed it in an agony of joy. After this reconciliation, Fanny began seriously to discourse on the letter; and as the company were well assured, by concurring circumstances, that it was the sole and united contrivance of the Miss Greenfords; they were now warned of the danger they were in, by the rattling of carriages on the road, a small distance from the garden, which gave them notice that service was over, and that the Miss Greenfords would be at home, who, when they found she had regained her liberty, would not fail watching her narrowly. After taking a tender leave of Fanny, and again sealing his forgiveness on her white hand, Groves left them by the same way he came. As soon as he was gone she took the letter, which Groves had left with her, and opening, began to read it to her friends, when the Miss Greenfords suddenly entered the alcove. Fanny started and blushed; but, recollecting herself, gave the letter into the hands of Miss

Ellis, saying, "I am obliged to you, "Miss."—This hint was immediately taken by Miss Ellis, who, putting it in her pocket, wished it had been more entertaining; but assured Miss Rose that she had several pieces of poetry in her possession, which she would send her as soon as she returned to Mr. Greaves's.—"Oh!" said Miss Bridget, looking slyly at her sister, "it is poetry; is it, Miss Ellis?"—"Yes, Madam," answered she.—"Oh! we will leave you to "the perusal of it," replied the youngest; so taking her sister by the arm, walked out of the alcove.—"I know," cried Fanny, "they will tell my father, "they caught me reading, and I shall be "confined to the house again."—"Fortunate for us all, I have some ancient "poetry in my pocket-book, I will fold "it up in the form of a letter," said Miss Ellis, "and if they are so *good-natured* to "tell, I will produce that as the letter "we were reading."

It

It will now be requisite to let the reader know how the Miss Greenfords came into the alcove unperceived——As soon as they returned from church, (little edified by what they had heard) they amused themselves with the mischief they had made in the family of 'Squire Rose, and wondered what effect the before-mentioned letter, that Miss Bridget had wrote, would take on Mr. Groves : for, to let the reader into a secret, Miss Bridget, all on a sudden, fell terribly in love with him ; and, scorning to think herself inferior to any woman in the whole country in beauty, persuaded herself that she should be able to inspire Groves with a reciprocal affection. In this opinion she was confirmed, as she had several times caught him looking very attentively at her, when she and her sister had by chance met him. Fraught with these *tender ideas* she got hold of a scrap of paper that contained a few lines of Fanny's hand-writing, and, after copying it, wrote

wrote the letter to Groves, thinking it was impossible for him ever to obtain an interview, or come to an explanation.—Previous to this, she had bribed every servant in the family to bring her all the letters that either came to, or were sent from Fanny ; and to finish this admirable farce, had persuaded the 'Squire to confine his daughter to her chamber till the arrival of Blowz, which would have been strictly adhered to, had not the interposition of Mr. Greaves and the young ladies put a stop to it.—No sooner had the Miss Greenfords got out of their carriage than they were met by their intelligent Abigail, who, with signs of horror, acquainted them that Miss Rose had obtained her liberty ; and as it was impossible for her to tell a tale, without deviating from truth, added, she heard her father tell her, he would never force her inclinations.—Ready to choak with passion, at finding all their schemes frustrated, they flew to the parlour, when Miss Bridget, flinging

flinging herself into a chair, cried, " So
 " you've let the bird out of the cage ;
 " take care it don't fly out of your reach."
 —" What bird ?" replied the 'Squire.—
 " Why, your daughter," answered the
 lady.—" Well, and what of that ?"—
 " What of that ?" cried Miss Agnes; " is
 " that the mode you address a lady of
 " my sister's condition ?"——" I am sure,"
 answered the 'Squire, staring, " I did not
 " know her condition ; if I had, I would
 " not have spoke at all, at least not to
 " have made her angry ; but if she is in
 " that condition, when did you steal
 " a wedding ?"——" Oh ! you horrid
 " brute," cried Miss Agnes, " to defame
 " my sister's character---by Heavens ! I'll
 " extirpate you." So saying, she caught
 up a chair, and running across the room
 at the 'Squire, (who roared out in a lusty
 manner) would have broke it on his
 head, had not Mr. Greaves, with much
 difficulty, wrested it from her : as for
 Miss Bridget, she was so shocked at this
 impu-

imputation on her character, (as she called it) that she lay senseless on the floor--- a little hartshorn and water soon brought her to herself, and unwilling to be affronted, for fear it should ruin her matrimonial scheme by setting *Fanny* entirely at liberty, she took her sister by the hand, and begged she would be friends with the 'Squire, as she was sure he meant no harm, but said it innocently. The 'Squire hearing this, and fearful he should be struck out of their wills, begged pardon in the most submissive manner ; at the same time observing, that he had only given Fan leave to walk about the garden with Miss Greaves and Miss Ellis. This quarrel and fainting had kept them longer than usual in the house, (as they made it a constant rule to walk before dinner ;) but as soon as the 'Squire had made an apology, and Miss Bridget had heard that Miss Rose was confined to the garden only, she thought the air would do her good, and, attended by her sister
and

and waiting-maid, was led out. After walking a small distance from the house, Miss Bridget found herself much recovered, and ordered her maid to return. The sisters being left at liberty, they began to lament how unhappily their designs were likely to be frustrated by a pack of *gawky* country girls ; and how to get Fanny confined again to the house, was a matter of the highest importance, and to be taken into consideration immediately. Had Mr. Greaves and the young ladies not been at Rose Hall, they would easily have effected it ; but as there was not the least probability of their going for some time, *Miss Bridget's tender feelings* were quite overcome with malice ; she let fall a shower of tears, and declared she should break her heart if she was disappointed in her lover. Miss Agnes comforted her, assuring her she would stake her life on the success of her passion. “ I am fully convinced, my “ dear,” said she, “ nothing can attach
“ him

“ him to that girl but the prospect of her
 “ fortune, and your’s is twice as much;
 “ besides, you are a fine woman, and she
 “ is a little contemptible flut; and if I
 “ was a man, all the fortune in the world
 “ should not tempt me to marry such a
 “ flirt: all we have to do is to watch
 “ her, and I will be bound we shall dis-
 “ cover something that will again confine
 “ her to her chamber; and I will take
 “ care to order matters in such a manner,
 “ that you, my dear sister, shall be hap-
 “ py in the man of your choice. I dare
 “ answer for it, that Miss Fanny is writ-
 “ ting a love epistle in one of the alcoves,
 “ so we will step into the shrubbery, and
 “ walk round the ground that way; and
 “ if we should catch the lady so employ-
 “ ed, we will not fail to tell her father,
 “ and get the little wretch caged again.”
 With this intent they walked unper-
 ceived till they came to the alcove, where
 the young ladies were sitting; but some
 bushes, that grew at the back of it, kept
 them

them at too great a distance to listen, or their secrets would certainly have been betrayed ; they, therefore, had no other mode of finding what Fanny was about than abruptly entering. Filled with joy at the important discovery they had made, in an harangue too tedious to relate, informed the 'Squire they had caught his daughter in the fact of reading a letter. Alarmed at this most dreadful intelligence, he instantly dispatched the house-keeper to bring her before him, swearing, if he found it true, she should never go out of the house again alive. The Miss Greenfords, who were nice observers of every person's words but their own, desired to know, whether the 'Squire had any reason to doubt the truth of what they just now related, "*as he observed, if he found it true.*" This produced an altercation ; and the 'Squire not thinking it worth while to make any concessions, caused another quarrel, which only served to increase his good temper towards his daughter.

daughter, and he plainly told them, he did not believe one half of what they said concerning her.—“ Very right, and “ I wish you may find it so,” replied Miss Agnes ; “ but come, sister, we can “ very well dispense with company ; we “ will dine up stairs.---“ Aye, aye, joy “ go with you,” muttered the ‘Squire, “ the devil is always painted blacker “ than he really is, and that’s the case “ with my poor girl, I believe.” The ladies overheard this last speech, but for reasons above-mentioned, they did not chuse to take any notice of it.

The housekeeper had delivred the message to Fanny, who entered the parlour a few minutes after the Miss Greenfords were gone up stairs. “ Well, Fan,” cried her father, “ I hear you have been “ at your old tricks again—pray, what “ letter have you had sent you ?”— “ None, upon my honour, Sir.—“ Then “ what was you reading in the alcove ?”— “ Miss Ellis has it in her pocket : “ will

“ will you be so obliging, Miss, as to
 “ let my father see it.”—Miss Ellis
 took out her pocket-book; but the
 ‘Squire, to shew his good manners, cried
 out, “ If it is any thing belonging to
 “ you, Miss, I am sure I don’t want to
 “ see it; so, pray, put your pocket-book
 “ up again. But, Fan, come here; the
 “ company will excuse me—I must search
 “ your pockets.” Fanny readily com-
 plied, when nothing being found on her
 that led to any suspicion, they sat down
 to dinner very good friends. The advice
 that Mr. Greaves had given Mr. Rose,
 whilst the young ladies were in the gar-
 den, had such an effect on him, that he
 told his daughter, if she would promise
 him not to fling herself away without his
 consent, he would assure her, he would
 not force her inclinations, and she should
 have her liberty to visit whom she plea-
 sed, and no restraint should be laid on
 her in future. This unexpected altera-
 tion in her favour, produced such an
 effusion

effusion of joy and gratitude, that she knelt at her father's feet, and in the most solemn manner vowed to observe his commands, which had such an effect upon the 'Squire, that he not only paid the pocket money that was due to her, but promised to make her a larger allowance; and, in the height of his generosity, gave her the keys of her mother's drawers, swearing she should be as fine as any 'Squire's daughter in the whole country. After spending an hour in this most agreeable manner the young ladies withdrew, leaving the 'Squire and Mr. Greaves to enjoy their bottle, where we will part with them for a short time, and pay a visit to the Miss Greenfords.

C H A P. IX.

IT is amazing to see with what malevolence some (I will not say all) unmarried ladies view the younger part of their sex; this is not only confined to them, for I have known a married lady of forty, criticise with the same severity on a young lady of seventeen, forgetting that she was once of that age herself; every smile is construed into levity, and a foolish girl's fortune as well told, as if a tawny sybil had received half-a-crown for prognosticating misfortunes. If after all these evils predicted, the young lady, as the world terms it, does well, the next cry is, The Lord have mercy upon us, who would have thought it? well, I wish he mayn't heartily repent of his bargain.—Lord! cries another, what could he see in her? I am sure, was I a man, I should never have thought
of

of marrying her ; but I'll say no more ; I believe they will not live together twelve months. But these are not the only kind of female fiends that are suffered to traverse the globe in female shape, there are some so envious, that they are ready to die if they chance to meet a woman with more personal attractions than themselves ; their constant study is to mangle characters, and invent falsehoods ; they will be sure to know something or other to lessen the character of a handsome woman, and employ a thousand spies to watch her actions ; and every letter she receives, the contents are perfectly known to a set of defamers, before she has read them herself. No one ever met with more persecution of this nature than poor Fanny ; every look, word, or smile, was commented on by the Miss Greenfords. The strength of money (the never-failing persuasive for a bribe) had brought every servant of the 'Squire's (Brittle excepted)

to

to join in the conspiracy against the helpless girl, whose greatest crime was that of having a handsome face. But to return to the sisters, who had better ears than hearts, they were employed in listening at a door that led from the parlour up a pair of back stairs, it was fastened up, and had not been opened for some years, for fear of giving cold to the 'Squire; at this place the ladies listened, and overheard every part of the discourse that had passed at dinner; bursting with envy, rage, and disappointment, they retired to their room, vowing revenge against the 'Squire for some reflections he had cast upon them in the course of his conversation with Mr. Greaves; when, after various consultations, they resolved to take a house in the neighbourhood, and leave the 'Squire's, as there were no hopes of succeeding in their designs, especially as their Abigail had informed them (who was an adept in the art of listening, as

well as her ladies) that he had obtained a promise of the company of Louisa and her friends for two months longer, and that Mr. Greaves meant to return to White Hall in a few days, and his coach was to be left for the use of the young ladies. This piece of intelligence serv'd to confirm their resolution in quitting Rose Hall: they gave orders to their servants to inquire for a house as near Mr. Groves's as possible. As a certain demon always befriends his own, so it happened with the Miss Greenfords; for an old lady dying just at that time, left one vacant that was within a quarter of a mile; this was immediately taken, and the furniture that was to have been sold by public auction, was disposed of by private contract, but with such secrecy, that no person could tell who were to be the occupiers thereof. Whilst this mansion (which was much out of repair) was getting ready, they were visited by a lady who was a tenant of
the

the 'Squire's, and had come to Rose Hall to pay her rent, but hearing the Miss Greenfords were there, and having some little knowledge of them, sent up her name, and was immediately admitted to an interview, not that these ladies were at all times so free of access, they were too great admirers of the politeness that reigns in London, where a fashionable lady will, without a blush, call over the banisters to her footman, "Do you hear, John, I have chang'd my mind, I am not at home," while the well-staircase echoes her ladyship's message to the visitant before John can deliver it. We will leave the ladies with their new acquaintance, who will be described in a future page.

Fanny, who had retired to her chamber with Louisa, Miss Brookes and Miss Ellis, was overjoyed at her father's affectionate behaviour, when Miss Ellis taking the letter out of her pocket, gave

it to Fanny, who read it to her companions.

As we have satisfied the readers before, who wrote it, I shall give them an exact copy :

“ SIR,

“ FOR reasons I shall not
 “ give myself the trouble to explain,
 “ tho’ you cannot be at a loss to imagine,
 “ I must beg *leave* to acquaint you, that
 “ I have determined never to see *you*
 “ more, as all the tenderness (if I ever
 “ had any for you) is obliterated from
 “ my breast.—You may think this a
 “ strange epistle from one who ever
 “ seem’d to entertain a great and reci-
 “ procal affection for you ; it will, there-
 “ fore, not be deem’d unnecessary to let
 “ you know that these are my fixed and
 “ unalterable sentiments.—I have deter-
 “ mined to marry young Mr. Blowz,
 “ and am this moment going to write
 “ to him.—This needs no answer ; and
 “ I shall

“ I shall not be at church, as an inter-
 “ view with you will remind me of my
 “ past folly, and disobedience to my
 “ parent : I have, therefore, entreated
 “ my father to excuse my attendance on
 “ him.—Whatever may be your opi-
 “ nion, my desire is, never more to hear
 “ your name mentioned to

“ FANNY ROSE.

“ I have just shewn this letter to my
 “ father, who approves of it.”

We shall make no comment on this elegant epistle, only repeat, that Miss Bridget had taken every advantage to give it an air of truth.

Mr. Groves had watched in the church-
 yard, and finding Fanny not come to
 church, as she had declared in her let-
 ter, was resolved, if possible, to obtain
 an interview, having rashly determined
 to put an end to his existence at her feet :
 with this resolution he watched about the
 grounds till chance brought them to

the spot where he was waiting, and where an *eclaircissement* happily took place.

“ Now,” said Louisa, “ you must
 “ permit me to remind you of a promise;
 “ and as one letter had like to have been
 “ the cause of so much unhappiness,
 “ another might be productive of mirth.
 “ —You mention’d in your letter to
 “ White Hall, you had preserv’d some of
 “ Blowz’s.”—Fanny smil’d, and went to
 a small cabinet that stood in a corner
 of the room, and taking out a packet of
 papers gave them to Louisa. But be-
 fore we read these miracles of sense and
 grammatical erudition, it will be neces-
 sary to give the reader an account of the
 birth and parentage of the writer of
 them:—His father was a country gen-
 tleman that devoted his time entirely to
 hunting and drinking ; he arrived to his
 fiftieth year before he ever thought of
 matrimony, but having greatly impair’d
 his fortune by his hunting and horse-
 racing, he thought of mending it by the
 fashion-

fashionable mode of marrying a rich wife.—Miss Deborah Rose, a distant relation of the 'Squire's, happened to pay a visit to some maiden ladies that had been her school-fellows, and resided near Batchelor's Hall, (the residence of 'Squire Blowz.) This lady had a large fortune in her own possession, and had nearly completed her fortieth year, tho' she would not own to more than thirty-six, and was a most violent declaimer against the male sex, often saying, It was a great imprudence for a woman to marry before that age, which, according to her opinion, was the prime of life. Miss Deborah, (not the most pleasing woman in the world) being tall and very thin, a remarkable high forehead, with a pair of dull grey eyes, a long Roman nose, with a wide mouth, a precise behaviour, and strict observer of every lady's manners, being a professed enemy to the beautiful part of her sex : she could entertain her company a whole day with so

much scandal, that those of her own disposition were often tir'd at hearing her. The 'Squire had heard great accounts of Miss Deborah's fortune, but could not obtain an interview with, or get a letter conveyed to her; her maid being two years older than her mistress, and in possession of as many good qualities, declared, Miss Rose was a lady of the strictest *virtue*, and would faint at receiving a letter from any *nasty male creature*, adding, she would not do such a wicked thing for a guinea as to convey one to her. The 'Squire, who guessed her meaning immediately, staggered her faith by putting two into her hand; this had the desired effect, and Mrs. Ruth informed him, she durst not take a letter, but her lady was monstrous fond of poetry, and as how she intended to buy *The Pope's Works*, and *how* she was to read 'um to her, as she did not love reading herself, and if he could make some pretty verses upon her, this would soon gain

gain her love. This intelligence put the 'Squire to his wits; however, he thanked Mrs. Ruth for her kind advice, and returning home began to study, but not one couplet could he produce; after scratching his forehead, and turning his wig a dozen times, he bethought himself of the clerk of the parish, who had formerly wrote a copy of verses on Dolly, the dairy maid, reckoned the greatest beauty in all that neighbourhood, when, after sending for him, and promising great rewards for his secrecy, if attended with success, he opened the business. Simon went home, and the next morning produced the following lines; which we will insert for the novelty of them, and leave the sagacity of the critics to find out whether they were Simon's own production, or borrowed.

T O

MISS DEBORAH ROSE.

“ SWEET bird that hails the morning dawn,

“ Stretch thy soft pinions o’er the lawn,

“ And hail the charming Debby.

“ In vain the roses lift their heads,

“ Daisies enamel flow’ry beds ;

“ They weep for your approach.

“ Then ope those dear all-cheering eyes,

“ Rival the lustre of the skies,

“ And bid all nature smile.

“ The lark shall tune his warbling throat,

“ The linnet sing his softest note,

“ To hail my charming Debby.”

The 'Squire read these lines with rapture, and swore it was the most elegant versification that he ever read, and putting a guinea into Simon's hand, assured him if he met with a kind reception, he would give him five guineas more on the day he was married ; Simon bowed, and blushed like a modest author, at the praise bestowed on him, and after it

was

was folded up, he offered his services to deliver it ; he was just setting out when he reminded the 'Squire of the necessity of sending a note with it, which was agreed to, and wrote by Simon, as he thought it most prudent they should both be of the same hand-writing. Simon now set off, and leaving the verses with Mrs. Ruth, who promised to deliver them to her lady. Not being present when the lady perused this most extraordinary packet, we cannot tell whether she was angry or pleased, but after two days consideration, Miss Deborah, who we have before observed, was not fond of reading, therefore it cannot be wondered at, if she was equally averse to writing, ordered her maid to answer the letter, and desired her to let it be wrote affectionately, and to invite 'Squire Blowz to come and drink tea with her ; upon which order, Mrs. Ruth immediately produced the following without the help of a spelling-book :

K 6

“ Dear

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE got your copy of worfes,
 “ and I thank you for ’um. I am in very
 “ good health, thanked be God for it;
 “ now I hope you are in the same con-
 “ dition. You say i hav stol yowr art,
 “ well, I can’t help that; i didn’t make
 “ my own eies, if i did, i wou’dn’t let
 “ them be the thevies i am sure; i am
 “ willing to make repartation in my
 “ powr for the losf you have regain’d.
 “ i shall be at home any day in the
 “ weak, and if as how you will com
 “ hear to drink te, i shall be glad to see
 “ yow; so no more at present from yowr
 “ affectonate farvant,

“ DEBORAH ROSE.”

Just before Ruth had finished this elegant epistle, Miss Deborah was obliged to wait on some old ladies, who had called on her to take a walk : she left orders, as soon as she had finished what she was about, to seal it up and send it, for she had not time to hear it read.

The

The 'Squire no sooner read it, than he fell to capering about the room for joy, and sending for Simon fell hugging and kissing him, calling him his dear friend, and shewing him the comfortable letter he had received from Miss Deborah. Another was wrote by Simon, wherein he return'd the lady a thousand thanks for her kind condescension, extolled her beauty, called her angel and lovely creature, informing her he should wait on her the next evening, which he did ; and so well did the 'Squire employ his rhetoric, that the week following made them one for ever ; and Mrs. Ruth, willing to follow her mistress's example, gave her heart to Simon, who found three hundred pounds she had saved in service no uncomfortable addition to his little income. About a year after her marriage, Madam Blowz brought the young 'Squire into the world ; and as this lady affected to be a pattern of conjugal tenderness, he never was suffered |

to

to cry for any thing, but it was got the moment he asked for it; and very often the parlour where the good lady sat, was strewn with broken pieces of the china tea cups and saucers the family had breakfasted out of, for Bobby was very fond of hearing them crash, and would very deliberately break a set for his pretty amusement every morning on the marble hearth; as he grew up he discovered a great fondness for horses and dogs, which gave vast satisfaction to his father, who used frequently to boast, that his young *chap* would be the best judge of a horse or a dog in the whole country, for he thought of nothing else; at ten years of age his mother, who never trusted him out of her sight, except his father had him in the field or the stable, sent him to an old woman to learn his letters.— Bobby got through the alphabet without any material accident happening, which he was frequently made to repeat to the visitors, to let them know what

what a good boy he was, and how well he learned his hornbook. Bobby had got into spelling, and was making great progress in *the* and *thou*, when, not being able to say the task his mistress had set him, and being very obstinate, would not spell a word as she ordered him; the old woman being of a hasty temper, snatched the book out of his hand, and calling him dunce, gave him a tap on his head. Bobby, who was as hasty as his mistress, returned the compliment with his fist, and unluckily taking aim at her nose, set it a bleeding, when, valiantly throwing off his coat and waistcoat, declared he would fight her for all she was worth, though so much bigger than himself, calling her an old b—h for striking a young 'Squire. The old woman, who had been stopping the blood, no sooner heard the conclusion of Bobby's speech, aggravated at the name he called her, took up the cane, and laid it cross the young 'Squire's shoulders so stoutly, that
 he

he ran bellowing out of the school home, telling his mama that his mistress had knocked him down with his book, and cut him cross the shoulders with her cane in a cruel manner. Mrs. Blowz, with tears in her eyes, lifted up the collar of her dear Bobby's shirt, and seeing a red mark on his shoulders fell into fits. A servant was sent for the 'Squire, who was in the stable giving drink to a sick horse, who told him his mistress was dying, and the young 'Squire was almost killed: upon this doleful news he hastened to the house, where he found the good lady just recovering from the fit, and Master Bobby rubbing his back, and blubbering like a calf.

His wife with tears related the story, declaring she would send the school-mistress to gaol for striking a child of her's; whilst the good lady was declaiming, the school-mistress came with Bobby's coat and waistcoat, her face be-

smear'd with blood : she was admitted into the hall, where the 'Squire heard her complaint. He told her, his son had served her right, and he had a mind to send her to gaol for striking Bobby, at the same time ordering one of his men to kick her out of doors. This *humane* order was punctually obeyed by the servant.

Madam Blowz now declared that no mortal should strike her dear Bobby, and taking him on her lap, kissed and promised him, she would not let him go to school any more, but teach him to read and write herself. This put a stop to Bobby's bellowing. His father now took him in his arms, and kissing him, gave him commendations for fighting again, saying, " He was a good boy, after his own heart, declaring, when he was of his age, he would not have taken a blow from any man or woman on earth without returning it."—Madam Blowz

was

was as good to her son as she had promised, and never let him go to school again. When the young 'Squire had attained his twentieth year, his mama declared him a miracle of learning, for he could read the Psalter, and had gone twice through the Spelling-book: Madam Blowz observing, " he had learned
 " quite enough for a *Gentleman*, and that
 " French and Latin was only necessary
 " for clerks, who had their bread to get
 " in merchant's counting-houses."

Bobby now pursued the delights of the field, and would drink as much as the oldest fox-hunter in the country; horse-racing, cudgelling, hunting, cricket-matches, and cock-fighting, were his constant amusements; nor would he keep company with any gentleman who had not leaped over a five-barr'd gate at the risk of his life; and, to complete his taste for diversions, he attended every bull-baiting within forty miles.

But

But as no happiness is permanent in this life, Madam Blowz, whilst she was exulting in Bobby's accomplishments, and blessing the hour that made her the mother of such a son, fell sick of a fever. The doctor informing her she was in great danger, she sent for her husband and Bobby, and after giving him strict orders to be dutiful to his father, signified her wishes that the 'Squire should marry him to a lady that was her relation, and of the name of Rose, paying at the same time her female relations a great *compliment*, by saying they were all sensible, good women, *like herself*; she then made her will, in which she left them all legacies, especially Fanny, to whom she bequeathed her diamond ring, and several other valuables. Falling shortly after into a lethargy, she died, leaving her husband inconsolable; as for Bobby, he cried a little when the nurse brought him word her

lady

lady was departed; but hearing the cry of a pack of fox-hounds that belonged to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, he ordered his hunter, and telling his father, that all the fretting in this world would not bring the dead to life again, set off to join the chace.

After the funeral, the 'Squire invited all his wife's relations to pass a few weeks at his house. Among the rest, 'Squire Rose brought Fanny to receive her legacy. In the group of visitors none touch'd Bobby's heart but Fanny, and he told his father if he must have a wife, why *Fan Rose* was the girl for his money. The 'Squire told Rose that his son gave the preference to Fanny; and he eagerly embraced the offer, telling Blowz that he would not give her any fortune till his death, and then she would be sole heiress to all his wealth.—“ As the young lady is to receive no dower till then, you can't expect

“pect my Bobby to make any fettle-
 “ment upon her.”—“No, no,” answered Rose, “I think it highly ridiculous;
 “this fashion of making settlements is
 “giving the staff out of one’s own
 “hands: no, no, I wou’d wish my
 “daughter to have just as much pin-
 “money as our grandmother Eve had.”

It was now agreed between the old *gentlemen*, that they would order their children to receive each other as two who were shortly to be united in the indissoluble bands of wedlock. Fanny, who had left her heart in the possession of Groves, received this command with tears, declaring she would never consent to become the wife of such a brute, but return to Rose Hall with her father. Rose stamped, knit his brows, swearing he would chop her legs off, if ever he saw her at Rose Hall till she had given her hand to Blowz. Fanny now sedulously strove to avoid him, and as often as he din’d at home, which was but
 very

very seldom, (a hedge alehouse affording him better entertainment) she would send an excuse of indisposition. This aversion of her's did not in the least abate the ardour of the old men on the occasion. Both days and nights were spent in making great preparations for the approaching nuptials, and the young 'Squire had ordered his wedding suit, when an accident happened that put a stop to them. Madam Blowz had been a great florist, and after her marriage with the 'Squire, to make the garden bigger, had inclosed three adjoining fields. In the middle of the garden was a high mount that afforded delightful prospects of the neighbouring country:—it was to this spot that Fanny often retired to indulge her melancholy, and send many a longing sigh to Rose Hall. The young 'Squire began to think it strange to take a wife that he never made love to, and perceiving she constantly avoided him, was resolved to embrace the

the first opportunity of paying his addresses to her : with this resolution, he watched her to the mount—Fanny was reading, when Squire Blowz gently stole up unperceived, (her back being towards the walk) the 'Squire, who never thought of love, stood for some moments considering what to say, at last recollecting some of the sentiments and expressions which Davy, one of his father's grooms, used to woo the dairy maid in, he imagined he could not take a better pattern, so slyly creeping behind Fanny, he gently tapped her on the shoulder, saying, " How now, my little smiler, so " I have got up to you at last.—Fanny started, and a deadly paleness overspread her face, which the 'Squire perceiving, snatched the book out of her hand, crying, " What the d——l are you " frightened, Miss Fan? why, I wa'n't " going to eat you ; why, what are you " afraid of a man?" and throwing his arms round her neck, ravished a kiss.

Fanny

Fanny, unused to such liberties, blushed, and, with a peremptory countenance, declared she would complain to her father of his rudeness.—“ Oh ! Oh ! ” cry’d the ’Squire, “ you would persuade me you did not like it ; well, well, but you’ll tell me another story when we are married—Now here goes for a green gown.” So saying, he took the young lady in his arms and threw her on the grass—Fanny struggled and screamed, and making a violent effort to disengage herself, they both rolled down the mount ; Fanny rolled into some sweetbriar bushes that grew at the bottom, where she lay entangled : whilst Bobby, without offering her the least assistance, got up, and shaking his coat, and putting on his wig, burst into a fit of laughter and ran away : the gardener, who was at some distance, heard her cries, he hastened to the place, and found her on the ground with her cap and handkerchief torn, the blood trick-
ling

ling down. her lovely face from the scratches of the briars, she begged him to help her to the house, when attempting to rise, she found her ankle most violently sprained; the good old gardener took her in his arms, and carried her to the house, more dead than alive, where young Blowz was entertaining the old gentleman with what had passed between him and Miss Fanny, saying, she had thrown herself down the mount on purpose to avoid him. Fanny was carried to her chamber, when, after the housekeeper had washed the blood off her face, she sent for her father, but the old 'Squire, instead of resenting this unparalleled rudeness offered to his daughter, returned the following brutal answer,

“ Tell Fan from me, she is an impudent hussy, and it would been of no
 “ matter if she had broke her neck;
 “ tell her, if I was to come near her, I
 “ wou'd play the *devil* with her, and
 “ teach her how to behave to a *civil*
 Vol. I. L “ gentleman

“ gentleman who is to be her husband.” Shocked at such inhuman treatment, and terrified at the thoughts of being forced to marry young Blowz, the continual perturbation of her mind so much impaired the tender constitution of Fanny, that when the housekeeper waited on her the next morning, she found her in a high fever: the doctor was sent for, who thought her in imminent danger; her disorder was so violent that it baffled all the power of medicine, and for seven days she lay delirious; on the eighth, after taking a draft, she fell into a gentle sleep, and waked perfectly collected in her mind: her father then paid her a visit, and expressing his sorrow at her indisposition, began to remind her of *her* marriage with young Blowz; Fanny, clasping her hands, in the most affectionate manner begged her father never to mention his detested name more, declaring she would meet death sooner than him at the altar.—“ Oh! you
“ obstinate

“obstinate flut you, you shall repent it,” returned the 'Squire. Fanny made no answer but with tears, and the doctor's coming into the room, put a stop to her father's reproaches, who abruptly left the room. After he was gone, the doctor inquired the cause of her uneasiness, assuring her, if she fretted, it would cause a relapse ; his patient could answer with nothing but sighs, when the housekeeper, who had been her attendant all the time of her illness, related every thing she knew, declaring, she believed they meant to murder the young lady.—The doctor promised Fanny as soon as she was well enough, to obtain her removal from Bachelor's Hall. This had the desired effect ; in less than a fortnight, the bloom began to appear on her cheeks, and every day, added fresh strength to her emaciated frame ; but the thoughts of being united to Blowz kept a dejection on her spirits, that all their united efforts were not able to remove. Fanny now reminded the

doctor of his promise to obtain her removal, assuring him she should gratefully acknowledge his kind attention. The good doctor was much affected at the young lady's distress, and went immediately in search of her father, whom he found with old Blowz, amongst a parcel of the villagers who were met to play a game at back-sword for a gold laced hat. This was a favourite diversion of Bobby's, who was very expert at breaking a head. The old 'Squires were appointed umpires; they were in the midst of this *diversion*, when the doctor came up, and with great difficulty, obtained an audience of Mr. Rose, who was mounted on the stage to see fair play; after waiting till the young 'Squire had given a broken-head to a brewer's servant, he was then permitted to approach the stage, to tell Rose the cause of his visit.—“Well, doctor, how
 “is my wench, is any thing the matter
 “with her more than usual?”—“Why,
 “Sir,”

"Sir," replied the doctor, "I should
 "not have waited on you here, if I
 "had not the greatest apprehensions
 "of Miss Rose's health, and if she is
 "not instantly removed from this place,
 "which lays extremely low and damp,
 "the consequence will be, that the
 "young lady's disorder will settle upon
 "her lungs, and throw her into a deep
 "decline."—"Very well," answered the
 'Squire, "but don't you know she is
 "going to be married to young 'Squire
 "Blowz, and had she not better stay till
 "then, when they can both go to Rose
 "Hall together, and not be giving me
 "the trouble to bring her back when
 "she gets better?"—"If you mean to
 "murder your daughter, Sir," cried the
 doctor, "you will keep her here, and if
 "it was in my power, you should not
 "escape the law for your cruelty, whose
 "punishment you so highly deserve."
 So turning away, he left the 'Squire in
 a great surprise, who, after the doctor

was out of sight, fell to cursing, and calling him all the names he could think off, as impudent scoundrel, impertinent blockhead, &c. Old Blowz, who had been too busy with the mob to take any notice of what the doctor had been saying to Rose, hearing him swear, came up to him to know what was the matter ; after venting his passion, he told him the occasion. Blowz, who was not quite void of humanity, begged the young lady might be permitted to go, adding, it wou'd be time enough for the marriage when her health was perfectly restored. Rose, who entertained the hopes of marrying his daughter without being called upon to refund any part of her fortune left by the grandmother, could not be brought so easily to relinquish this opportunity of uniting her to Blowz, who, he flattered himself, would not demand it ; and after several objections, he reluctantly consented Fanny should return to Rose Hall till her

her health was re-established. This agreeable news was carried to her by the housekeeper, who, at old Blowz's desire, was ordered to attend her home, as 'Squire Rose would stay some time longer at Batchelor's Hall. Madam Blowz's old coach was brushed up, and in two days every thing was in readiness for her departure. And Miss Rose resolving not to leave them in expectation of her return, wrote the following note, which she desired the servant to deliver after she was gone:

" SIR,

" I BEG leave to return you
 " my sincere thanks for your kindness
 " in persuading my father to let me re-
 " turn to Rose Hall ; be assured, good
 " Sir, I shall ever acknowledge the
 " favour. I have one request to make,
 " Sir, and which, I am well assured,
 " your goodness will not deny, when
 " you have rightly considered the im-
 " portance

“ portance of it.—Your son has solicited
 “ my hand ; as I have always considered
 “ it the highest crime to perjure myself
 “ at the altar of God, by solemnly pro-
 “ mising to *honour and obey* a man that
 “ I really *despise*, I have taken this
 “ method of letting you *know* my real
 “ sentiments; for as my father does not
 “ think proper to give me the *fortune*
 “ which my grandmother bequeathed
 “ me by her will, I do not think it my
 “ duty to sacrifice myself to a man of
 “ his chusing, who has no other recom-
 “ mendations, than marrying me with-
 “ out one.—These are my sentiments,
 “ and will always remain unchange-
 “ able in,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient

“ Humble servant,

“ F. ROSE.”

‘Squire Rose was absent when the
 servant delivered this note; Blowz read it
 over

over two or three times, and muttering to himself threw it to his son, who was sitting at the table with him ; but as it is the disposition of many people eagerly to wish for things they can never attain, it was just so with the young 'Squire ; he no sooner read Fanny's letter, wherein she declared she despised him, than he declared he could not live without her ; and Rose coming in at that moment, the disconsolate lover put his daughter's letter into his hands : he no sooner read the contents, than he fell capering round the room like a madman, swearing he would murder the little b---h the moment she came in his sight, cursing the doctor who had been the cause of her going, and himself for being the dupe of them both. 'Squire Blowz to comfort Bobby, who sat drumming with both his knuckles on the table, desired him to be of good heart, and not to mind it, for if Miss Rose wou'd not have him, there were many girls that

would jump at him: but this cheered not the desponding Bobby, he declared he would not give an old boot for all the girls in the world except Fanny, as she was the *dearest, handsomest, sweetest girl* he ever saw.—“Never mind it, lad,” cried Rose, “d—n me if you shan’t have her if she was to hang herself the next moment; cup, cheer up, lad, don’t fret for a silly girl that don’t know her own mind two minutes together; she’ll come to, I’ll warrant you.”

The evening was spent with great lamentations, nor could the large potations they swallowed banish Fanny’s letter from their thoughts. The old Squire conceived that she would have been happy in his family, and the young one declared, he should be miserable without her, while the father swore he would tie her up when he got home, for the trick she had served him.

The

The next morning Rose declared his intentions for setting out for Rose Hall, and bringing his daughter back ; but this Blowz would not consent to, saying, his son must be content to wait a time, and see if more gentle methods would not conquer the lady's aversion, such as writing to, and visiting her.—Rose, who was of a temper that could not brook opposition, insisted on going, while Blowz, who was equally *obstinate*, said he would not suffer such a cruel affair to make him the talk of the whole village, as forcing the young lady back against her inclinations.—Whilst they were arguing, or rather disputing, a stranger rode into the court-yard. This gentleman, whose name was Manby, had been a play-mate of Bobby's : he had been in Italy three years, and returned home a modern accomplished traveller ;—that is, he had forgot every place he had visited ; but to make amends for that, he told ten thou-

sand lies of places he had never seen. This gentleman, after reviewing his sweet person in the glass, took out his snelling bottle and held it to his nose. The reason of this was—Bobby, who found sorrow to increase his appetite to such a degree, that neither tea or coffee could allay it, ordered a couple of pounds of beef-steaks fried with onions for his breakfast, and the smell not being quite agreeable to the new visitor, he applied the remedy before-mentioned; after the cloth was removed, Bobby began to inquire how he liked travelling, and what was to be seen abroad, and whether he thought it safe for him to take a trip, as he was fully bent on it. The other applauded his resolution, and gave such flattering descriptions of foreign towns and manners, that Bobby, jumping from the table in ecstasy, informed Mr. Manby he had been crossed in love, and from that moment was resolved to travel, and try

try to forget *himself*. The two old gentlemen exclaimed much against this resolution of Bobby's, but all in vain—he persisted in making the grand *town* of Europe; adding, he was sure Fanny would marry him when he had seen the world, and was qualified like other men. “Nay, nay, my dear boy,” cried his father, “consider the danger there is in travelling—those heathen *papishes* they will *subvert* you; my good boy, they will make a *papish* of you, or put you into the *inquisition*.” These arguments had very little weight; for Bobby, rising in a great passion, declared, if his father would not let him go, he would list for a soldier with the first recruiting party that should come into the village, and set off that way. So, taking Mr. Manby by the hand, he led him out of the parlour into the garden, where he was satisfied in his curious inquiries.—Mr. Manby excused himself from dining at Mr. Blowz's, as he was engaged with

a gentleman about five miles distant.— Ordering his horses, and taking leave of the two old gentlemen, and promising the young one to call upon him the first opportunity, he pursued his journey.— When he was out of sight, 'Squire Rose began to abuse him, swearing he had told nothing but lies; and finished his speech with a pious prayer, “ that he “ might either break his neck, or the “ d---l fly away with him before he had “ got to his journey's end.” But no arguments could prevail on Bobby to alter his resolution;—he sent for the taylor, and gave orders for a new suit of scarlet cloaths, trimmed with broad gold lace, to be made, and a new suit for Roger the whipper-in, who, he intended, should go as his companion. In the course of the month every thing was equipped, and Bobby and Roger set off to make the grand *tour* of Europe, leaving 'Squire Blowz nearly distracted. The house-keeper returned, giving an account of
Fanny,

Fanny, who, she reported, was *daily increasing in health* and beauty. Rose stayed some time to comfort Blowz for the loss of his son, and, after giving him a friendly invitation to Rose Hall, took his leave, to receive the Miss Greenfords, who had sent notice of their coming there to pass the summer by a letter, which Fanny had transmitted to her father by the housekeeper. The first thing Rose did, on his arrival there, was to confine Fanny to her chamber; swearing he would have the windows blocked up, till she had consented to write to young Blowz, and invite him to return and accept her hand.—She had been confined near a fortnight, when 'Squire Blowz arrived with a couple of letters, which he had received from his son, one for Fanny, and the other for himself; and as he was in high spirits at hearing from Bobby, insisted on the releasement of Fanny, or he would not stay in the house,

house, saying, it would only increase her dislike to Bob, and make things worse.

I have now given the history of 'Squire Blowz and Fanny's acquaintance, and shall now return to Fanny and her companions, whom we left amusing themselves with the following epistles :

“ Dear Miss Fan,

“ I dear say yow will be werry much
 “ surpriz'd at my bein gone into papish
 “ heathenish countrys, but if so be, yow
 “ ar, i shall be wery glad ont, becase i
 “ shall think yow ave som reflection for
 “ me, and if so be, as how yow ave let
 “ me no it by the next post, and i will
 “ let you no my objection. Lord if so be,
 “ yow did only no how much i feels on
 “ yowr accout, yow woud n't be so
 “ wery proud, but be it as it may as our
 “ rogur saies, only pluck up yowr reso-
 “ lution, and let me no yowr mind at
 “ once, what is the use of yowr being so
 “ sham'd

“ sham’d face, why, i woudn’t hurt yow
 “ and it was yowr own fault, you rowled
 “ down the monte and not myn, if yow
 “ had seen, how yow laide, why yow
 “ wou’d hav lauf’d as well as i did, but
 “ yow are wery obstinat and ardarted,
 “ and woudnt forgiv ma, if you had I
 “ shoudnt gon into hathens country, but
 “ it is all for yowr sak, as they say trav-
 “ ling gratify a yong Jontleman and
 “ qalifi him to be a Jontlemon, so I have
 “ takn Roger, my Farther’s whiper in,
 “ as my companon, so if you ave any
 “ lov for me, let me no it, but if not, i
 “ must put up with it, and i will go to
 “ the whorlde end befor i will com back,
 “ yow owt to think yowself well of---that
 “ i tak notic of yow and don’t return
 “ yowr scorn in another gefs kind of a
 “ maner, but yow are a sole, and theres
 “ a many pratty Gurl wou’d jump at
 “ ma---onely ax my farther if theres isnt,
 “ now there’s poll chip the whelewrites
 “ dourter, she fits crying her eies out in
 “ the

" the Chimboney Corner for ma, becase
 " as how i am gone abroad, so yow see,
 " i ant dispis'd by other folke if yow do,
 " now my state as good as yours, and
 " Farther's as gode as youn and wat
 " woud yow aven, why old Hary cant
 " get to the botom of a woman's mind,
 " an he cou'd he woud hav fetch'd them
 " long ago, but i write in a frendley
 " way, and if yow are stil obstinat and
 " ont ave ma i will be revenj'd on yow
 " so no mor

" at presint,

" yowrs

" BOBBY BLOWZ."

" Dere Farthar,

" we went wery safe, till we com'd to
 " a place call'd dover were thare was a
 " hie Clift, so our roger call'd it, then we
 " weare to waite for a grate big bout to
 " carry us cros the grate Tames, but our
 " roger tould me that it was the sa, and
 " i hugely frit, now saies our roger yow
 " had

“ had better tak somethin in yowr pocet
 “ for i feare yow shud be sa sic, so I sent
 “ him to buy som bullocks tonges and so
 “ i kept that in my pocet, but Lord
 “ Farther, yow cant think how terrible
 “ sik i was, tho’ i keep nipeing a bit
 “ every now and then, yet it wou’d not
 “ stai on ma stomac on minit so i began to
 “ fanci it was a judgment upon ma for
 “ comeing away aginst yowr liking, so i
 “ tould our roger ont, why saies he it
 “ wou’d be a terrible Job for robinson
 “ Cruso was cast on a dissolated and un-
 “ proibited iland for that self same thing,
 “ bu i dont no that as how yowr case
 “ stand, so this made ma somthing esy,
 “ but i was terribly sik, so the bote want
 “ on till we com to a plase calld Calis---
 “ and a marcy Farthar you cant think
 “ wat a set of pore divils they be hear,
 “ why Farthar yow coud swalow half a
 “ dozin on them at a mouful. Oh Lord
 “ Farthar i had lik to ave forgot to tell
 “ wat i saw at the plase we tawk’d about,
 “ for

“ for there was a grate larg hog as big
 “ as yow Farther and he piked cards and
 “ tould latters, so he piked up a Card
 “ with the latter F on it, and owr roger
 “ tould ma it was a fine i shod have Fan
 “ rose, now farther yow tawk to her and
 “ get her in the mind an yow can and
 “ tell her if she wont ave ma i’ll hang
 “ mizen, or else i’ll mary another wo-
 “ man, O i had forgot to tell yow that i
 “ hav left of my brown wig, and let my
 “ hare growe, so i shall be quit a moce-
 “ roni when i coms to england again, and
 “ do yow mind ma farther, tell oure fan
 “ it is all for her sak, i is wery favin and
 “ kepe my scarlit wastcote werry clene
 “ and our roger say i am wery much
 “ provid in my behavior since i come
 “ here, but i duzn’t tak that in at all,
 “ and i tells him he is huming ma for
 “ how can i lerne gode maners among
 “ popish Hathens---now mind wat i hav
 “ told yow aboute fan and giv my lov to
 “ Su blakberry and to the Mis Grene-
 “ fords

“fords and to our hedger tom hip, that’s
 “if so be they be all aliv and i’s is wery
 “well, and abov all to poll Chip the
 “weelrites daurter and tell um i long to
 “fee um all once more

“from your dowlful Son

“BOBBY BLOWZ

“Send worde aboute Mis fan

“next poste

N. B. “Our roger has larnt such a pac
 “of fin words & he faies he wont be
 “whiper in any longer when he coms
 “hom he is to be my wallett.”

As these letters are genuine, I shall make no apology for the language, since they may give the readers an idea of our country fox-hunting ’squires, who are, in every respect, below the animals they ride.

Whilst the young ladies were entertaining themselves with the elegant diction of ’Squire Blowz’s epistles, Miss Rose
 received

received a message from her father, ordering her to keep her chamber for that day at least : as these commands were given in a less passionate tone than any of the former, Fanny obeyed with seeming cheerfulness.

CHAP. X.

WE will now return to the Miss Greenfords, who we left with a stranger. This lady, whose name was Wood, they formerly had seen at a celebrated Countess's, who was more famed for her loose character, and depraved behaviour, than any good action besitting her exalted station. Mrs. Wood had formerly been kept by a great man in office, by whom she had a son; but her keeper being a general lover, and not wishing to have any woman who shou'd seem to have a prior claim to his affection, procured his valet a place of two hundred pounds a year in the Canada department to marry her; but the lady, refusing to accompany her spouse out of England, retired into the country on a small annuity. Mrs. Wood had a
great

great share of superficial knowledge, which, with a few technical terms she frequently used, she was, by the middling class of country people, cried up for a miracle of learning; added to this, she was a gross flatterer of both sexes; and though she had passed her sober fiftieth year, vanity whispered in her ear, that a man cou'd not behold her without sacrificing his peace to her charms. Full of these ideas, she held the younger part of her sex in the most contemptible light, bestowing on them the titles of insignificant wretches, affected nothings, and a number of other names too tedious to mention, often declaring that the *vain* creatures were treated with sovereign contempt, when *her* superior charms were present. Mrs. Wood had frequently seen Fanny, and her lovely face and form had raised her an enemy in this good lady, who had dissected this charming maid, declaring she could find nothing in her worth attention,

tion, except her fortune, which she thought a great deal too much for a country dowdy.—She had been settled in this village about six months when the Miss Greenfords came to Rose Hall, and was resolved to renew her acquaintance with them. When she called on the 'Squire to pay her rent, she was admitted to the ladies as before-mentioned, when, after the first compliments and encomiums on the improvement of health, complexion, and beauty, Mrs. Wood cried out,——“Heavens! what can
 “bring such bright luminaries as the
 “Miss Greenfords to this solitude;
 “sure it is to eclipse us poor rustics, and
 “steal all the hearts in the country.”—
 “No, Madam,” replied Miss Agnes,
 “we are equally unhappy that we ever
 “came to Rose Hall—My dear sister
 “has lost her heart, and despairs of ever
 “meeting with a return to her affection
 “for a little pert intruder, that is now to
 “be at full liberty—I mean Miss Rose.”

—“ Oh ! ye gods,” interrupted Mrs. Wood—“ that pert minx—no, it cannot be ; excuse me, dear ladies—you are facetious.”—“ Upon my honour we are not,” replied Miss Greenford, “ what my sister has related is but too true.”—“ Ah ! me,” cried the lady, with a languishing look, “ I pity you, my dear Miss—When I was very young, as you see, ladies, I am not old now, I sigh’d in secret for an amiable young nobleman ; but my cruel stepmother envied my taking precedence of her, and wouldn’t give consent to our union ; but our souls were united.” Here the tears stopt her utterance, and as she had them at command, they were plentifully shed.—“ *Union of souls !* what a noble thought,” cried Miss Agnes ; “ Heavens ! that such a gem should be buried in obscurity.”—“ Talk not of me,” interrupted Mrs. Wood ; “ turn your thoughts
“ to

“ to that dear suffering angel, your sister ;

“ she sits

“ Like Patience on a monument, smiling at
“ Grief.”

The ladies bow'd—Mrs. Wood staid tea—when they related the shocking affair of the loss of Miss Greenford's heart ; saying, they did Miss Rose an essential piece of service, as they were sure Mr. Groves was not in love with her person—her fortune had charms for him ; and Mrs. Wood promised to try her interest with the 'Squire to save his daughter from destruction. This gave the ladies some hopes, who knew the fickle disposition of the 'Squire so well, as to hope he would again confine her to her chamber.—Mrs. Wood came the next day, and the ladies, to give her an opportunity to open the business, dined at Rose Hall : but Fortune did not favour her designs ; for Rose behaved with such affability and tenderness to his daughter,

that Miss Greenford was obliged to rise from table, and, pretending sudden indisposition, withdrew to her chamber, to give vent to her tears. Her sister and Mrs. Wood followed her, Miss Agnes chiding her sister for giving way to sorrow and impatience.—“ You saw, my
 “ dear,” said she, “ there was no opportunity for speaking to the ‘Squire
 “ alone; come, dry up your tears—we
 “ must watch their going out, and leave
 “ Mrs. Wood alone with him.”—After some persuasion Miss Greenford consented to go down stairs; but here they were disappointed: for, when Fanny and the young ladies were for walking in the garden, the ‘Squire gallantly insisted on accompanying them, and ordered his green chair, which was made with wheels, for the purpose of dragging him round his grounds. In this manner they set off, leaving the Miss Greenfords and Mrs. Wood highly displeased, as they were not asked to accompany him. They
 retired

retired to their chamber with shame and confusion, while Mrs. Wood comforted them, in the best manner she could, calling forth all her eloquence to assist her, assuring the ladies she would find an opportunity of speaking to the 'Squire when it was least thought upon. —Next day the following note was brought him, by an old woman who lived in a cottage near Mrs. Wood.

“ SIR,

“ YOU may, perhaps, be surpris'd at
 “ receiving a note of this kind from an
 “ intire stranger ; but I am a parent as
 “ well as you, Sir. I think myself high-
 “ ly justifiable in letting you know what
 “ I have been so often an eye witness to ;
 “ you have a daughter, Sir, and, sorry
 “ I am to write it, one that bears little
 “ respect to so good a father. Miss Rose
 “ is unhappily engaged in an amour
 “ with a person that plans all his future
 “ hopes of happiness in her large for-

M 3

“ tune :

“ tune : there is a scheme formed by this
 “ couple to set off for London, as soon
 “ as an opportunity offers for the young
 “ lady to get away unperceiv’d. This,
 “ I hope, will serve as a sufficient cau-
 “ tion, and you will take proper steps to
 “ prevent the irreparable ruin of your in-
 “ fatuated daughter. You will excuse
 “ me signing my name, as I am a confi-
 “ dant of one of the parties, and may be
 “ serviceable to you in future.”

Mr. Greaves was sitting with the
 Squire when this note was brought.—
 Rose read it, and turning up his eyes,
 cried, “ There’s no faith in women, by
 “ Jove ! Only look at this,” putting the
 note into Mr. Greaves’s hand, who read
 it with great attention.—“ Do you know
 “ the person who brought this letter ?”
 “ No,” replied Rose. “ Don’t you see
 “ the reason they give for not signing
 “ their name ?”—“ I do,” replied Mr.
 Greaves, “ and that is the very reason,
 “ I would

“ I would not believe a word it contains.
 “ Believe me, my dear friend, if the
 “ person who wrote this letter had said
 “ nothing but truth, they would never
 “ be afraid of putting their name to it.—
 “ This is a scheme of the ladies, to sow
 “ dissention between you and your
 “ daughter, and before you take those
 “ steps this scandalous epistle desires,
 “ find out the author; and suppose
 “ we take a little precaution first; in
 “ case it should be true, it will be time
 “ enough to disbelieve it, when we are
 “ convinced it is false.”—Fanny was now
 ordered not to quit her chamber till he
 should send for her.—Anxious to know
 the effect this letter would have upon the
 ’Squire, Miss Greenford and her sister
 had been listening at the door, we have
 before-mentioned, and hearing the ’Squire
 send his orders to his daughter to keep
 her chamber, flew up stairs to send dear
 Mrs Wood an account of their success;
 but Fortune, not pleased at their exulta-

tions, by an unlucky slip, stopp'd short their career, when the foot of Miss Agnes, who had nearly reached the top, taking a false step, she fell to the bottom, and as the door was but slightly fastened, her whole force coming against it, she tumbled headlong into the parlour. Miss Greenford striving to save her sister followed her, and the two sisters measured their lengths in the middle of the room.—“ Heyday ! who the devil comes next ? ” cried the 'Squire.—The ladies lay screaming, while Mr. Greaves rang the bell for assistance.

After the Miss Greenfords were carried up stairs—“ I begin to think,” said the 'Squire, “ that door has been very “ convenient to listen at, and now, my “ friend, I think as you do ; but we shall “ hear more to-morrow.”—The next morning the servant was dispatched to bring the woman that delivered the letter ;—she had received a bribe from Mrs. Wood to be secret, and she declared

red the letter was given her by a stranger at the great gates, who gave her a shilling to deliver it. In this story she persisted, nor could the threats of Mr. Rose make her discover any thing, till Mr. Greaves taking her aside, and putting a guinea into her hand, told her, if she discovered the person who employed her, he would give her two more.—This had the desired effect on the old woman : she went up to the 'Squire, and dropping a curtsy—" You know as
 " how, your Honour, I be but a poor
 " woman, and it is not my business to
 " know what's put in any letter I carries, if so be there isn't any treason nor
 " murder in it—you know as how, if
 " your Honour bids me do a thing, I
 " wou'd do it without making words about it ; and if your Honour told me
 " not to say any thing about it, why, I
 " wou'dn't ;—but 'Squire Greaves here
 " is a very good gentleman, God blefs
 " him ! and if your Honour won't tell
 M 5 " nobody,

“ nobody, I’ll tell your Honour all as I
 “ know about the matter.” Rose promi-
 sed to keep it a secret, and Goody Down,
 for that was her name, proceeded.—
 “ Your Honour knows that I am a
 “ chair-woman to Mrs. Wood; so, yef-
 “ terday morning, as I was washing in
 “ the wash-house, she came in a great
 “ hurry to me;—Down! says she, put
 “ your apron on, and come in this mi-
 “ nute, for the Miss Greenfords are
 “ come, and I want you to fetch a drop
 “ of cordial. Lord! Ma’am, says I, I
 “ does not know how to come before
 “ such great ladies as the Miss Green-
 “ fords. Pho! pho! says Madam
 “ Wood, what do you mean by that?
 “ An’t I as great as them; and wasn’t
 “ we all company keepers when we was
 “ in London. Aye, said I, I have heard
 “ London is a huge big place, and ma-
 “ ny folks there can’t tell half the com-
 “ pany they keep, because they don’t
 “ know nothing about ’um, nor where
 they

“ they come from.”—“ Well,” interrupted the ‘Squire, “ tell us who sent
 “ you with the letter.”—“ I will, your
 “ Honour, if so be you’ll let me.—
 “ Well, as I was saying, I put on my
 “ apron and went into the parlour, where
 “ Madam Wood gave me a bottle, and
 “ bid me run for some brandy. Well,
 “ when I came back, the eldest *Lady*
 “ Greenford was crying, and Madam
 “ Wood was writing.—Don’t spoil those
 “ pretty eyes with crying, said she, this
 “ will have the desired effect, and the
 “ bird will be cag’d again; if you cry in
 “ that manner they will lose all their
 “ lustre; ’twas crying spoil’d mine, and
 “ chang’d their colour.—The ladies read
 “ the letter, and said it wou’d do, and
 “ Madam Wood *drink’d* success to it,
 “ and so did the *Ladies* Greenfords.—
 “ Well, your Honour, they gave me five
 “ shillings to keep the secret, and to say
 “ a strange gentleman gave it to me at
 “ the gate. The *Ladies* Greenfords went
 M 6 “ away

“ went away directly, and about an hour
 “ after I brought the letter. As I went
 “ along I got a man to read the direc-
 “ tion, and I found by him it was direc-
 “ ted to your Honour. On seeing the
 “ footman standing at the garden gate I
 “ gave it to him, and went about my
 “ business. When I got to Madam
 “ Wood’s again, I began to think I
 “ should be sent to jail, and try’d at the
 “ next Sessions, if there was any wrong
 “ in it ; and so I went and told her what
 “ I thought about it. You are a fool,
 “ says she, there’s nothing in the letter
 “ that can hurt you, or any body else;
 “ but can you *keep a secret* ? Yes, said
 “ I, (and, I believe, your Honour knows
 “ I can, I was such a while before I
 “ would tell you about the letter.) Well
 “ then, says she, I’ll tell you what it is
 “ about—Madam gave me a glass, and
 “ took another herself. Now, says
 “ she, you must know that the elder Miss
 “ Greenford is in love—In love ! says I.
 “ Yes,

“ Yes, says she, over head and ears with
 “ young Mr. Groves, and so she wants
 “ Miss Rose confined till she is married.
 “ So now I have told your Honour all I
 “ know about the matter.”——Goody
 Down received the gratuity Mr. Greaves
 had promised her, and departed, wish-
 ing she could carry such letters every
 day in the week, if they brought her so
 much.

The 'Squire sat musing, with his eyes
 fixed on the fire, at the latter part of the
 secret Mrs. Wood had trusted Goody
 Down with.—“ Now, I hope, for the
 “ future,” said Mr. Greaves, “ you will
 “ not credit those mean artifices that are
 “ used to injure an innocent young lady.”
 —“ I won't--I won't”—cried the 'Squire.
 “ But did you mind the secret that Mrs.
 “ Wood told the old woman—aye—
 “ married—if the old hag gets married—
 “ not one foot of the manor of Green-
 “ ford will be mine.”——“ And what
 “ would you do with it ? are you not rich
 “ enough

“ enough already ?” replied Mr. Greaves.
 —“ Yes ; but how often has she declared
 “ to me that she might have been mar-
 “ ried—but she never would, and I
 “ should enjoy every thing she died pos-
 “ sessed of at her death, and I was foolish
 “ enough to believe her—why, she is
 “ gone mad !”—“ You was weak enough
 “ to believe what she said, that was *all*,”
 replied Mr. Greaves.—“ But do advise
 “ me, my friend, how I shall put a stop
 “ to this love affair ?”—“ By giving
 “ your daughter to the young gentleman,
 “ who, from his character, I think high-
 “ ly deserving of her ; though his
 “ paternal estate is but small, his uncle’s
 “ is large enough to entitle him to any
 “ young lady in this country.”—The
 ‘Squire answered, he had given his word
 to Blowz, and while he was alive, and
 single, she should never marry another.
 This produced an altercation concern-
 ing the right of parents to dispose of
 their children in matrimony.—The
 ‘Squire

'Squire, who had been softened by the arguments of Mr. Greaves, sent for his daughter, and putting the letter into her hand, let her know the cause of her late confinement. Nothing could equal the surprize of Fanny on reading it. She returned thanks to Mr. Greaves for his goodness in joining with her father in discovering the writer.—Rose assured his daughter she was at liberty to go where she pleased, as he never meant to confine her again. But, previous to this, she must make one promise, never to write or answer any letter without letting him know it. This agreed to, the remainder of the evening was spent with that happiness, that always reigns where love and confidence reside.

C H A P. XI.

THE Miss Geenfords, who were, as we have before mentioned, carried up to their chamber, where, by the assistance of hartshorn and water they soon recovered from the fright occasioned by their fall, and after dismissing their attendants, sent their waiting-woman to her old employment, listening ; but, as the door was not sufficiently fastened for Mrs. Abigail to venture down stairs, she was therefore obliged to content herself with creeping half way down, and putting her head over the banisters strove to catch the sounds as they ascended upwards, there she collected the important news that the 'Squire believed the letter was a forgery, and that Mr. Greaves advised the 'Squire to send for the old woman ; and as this part was too interesting

ing not to be immediately carried to her mistress, she crept a little farther, and heard it more perfect. Her intelligence quite confounded the ladies, all their malevolent schemes were now put a stop to, and their whole reliance was on Goody Down persisting in the story of the stranger already related. Mrs. Abigail, who failed not to be upon the stairs, carried the terrible discovery that was made to her ladies; they now found it was ridiculous to dissemble any longer, and the next morning ordered every thing to be got in readiness for their departure, resolving to stay with Mrs. Wood till their own house was fit to receive them.

As the family were sat at breakfast, they were surprized by Miss Bridget and her sister entering the parlour. Miss Bridget's face was painted with envy, rage, and disappointment; she flung herself into a chair, and after viewing Fanny in the most contemptuous manner,

ner, she cried, " Well, good people, " you seem very sociable, how long do " you think it will last ?" Louisa, who had observed her looks, and was hurt at the ironical terms of good people, replied, " It is not in the power of " the Miss Greenfords to interrupt the " happiness that reigns in this family, " tho' assisted by Mrs. Wood."—" As " for that," said Miss Agnes, " if you " have no objection, Miss, that lady " shall answer you ; but my sister spoke " to 'Squire Rose."—" Well, and what " has she to say to me ?" interrupted the 'Squire.—" She, who do you call she ? cried Miss Agnes, " you clown you."—" What, mayn't I speak in my own " house, pray, must I pull out my words " and look at them before I speak to " you ?"—" You know nothing, but " your daughter that pretends to politeness—"—"Let my girl alone," cried the 'Squire, " I am sure she said nothing " to you."—" You are beneath our " notice,"

“notice,” answered Miss Bridget, “but
 “we are resolved you shall reap no
 “benefit by any fortune we may leave
 “behind us; we will marry, not, hea-
 “ven knows, for the love we bear to
 “mankind, but to be revenged upon
 “you.”—“Pray,” said the ‘Squire,
 looking at Miss Bridget, and smothering
 a horse laugh, “have you seen the man
 “that is to be your husband.”—“Yes,
 “Sir, for all your sneering, and might
 “have been married years ago to
 “batchelors and widowers; nay, I had
 “two offers before I was fifteen.”—
 “As for what offers you had forty years
 “ago, it is little to the purpose now.”—
 “What do you mean by that,” inter-
 rupted Miss Agnes, “wou’d you
 “make us as old as yourself.”—“In-
 “deed, your youngest sister is not seven
 “years younger, and I shall be sixty
 “my next birth-day.”—“Oh! you
 “wicked profane liar,” answered Miss
 Agnes, “my sister is young enough
 “to

“to be the mother of a large family.”—
 “Yes, a stepmother,” replied the
 ‘Squire.—“No, Sir,” interrupted Miss
 Bridget, “the real mother.”—“Aye,
 “aye, I am very glad on’t, and I hope
 “I shall live to stand godfather to your
 “first child.” The ladies finding all
 their efforts to chagrin the ‘Squire inef-
 fectual, left the parlour, getting into
 their carriage, which was ready to drive
 them to Mrs. Wood’s. This lady re-
 ceived them with great expressions of
 joy, calling them her dear charming angels,
 and declared, she should be like the
 moon when the sun shone, quite eclips’d,
 now her cottage was occupied by *two*
such heavenly constellations. Mrs. Wood
 had spent the best part of the day
 in giving her neighbours characters
 to the Miss Greenfords: and the reader
 may suppose their reputations were not ten-
 derly spoken of, as this lady took great
 care to scandalize every person she had any
 knowledge of, to bring them on an equality
 with

with herself. But in the height of her charitable discourse, she was interrupted by a post-chaise drawing up to the gate, and a young officer, accompanied by an old one, alighted; Mrs. Wood screamed out, "My boy!" they were ushered into the parlour to the Miss Greenfords, who received the gentlemen with affected politeness. "Oh! my dear George," cried Mrs. Wood, "I must introduce you to these two young ladies. My dear, these are the two Miss Greenfords, the ladies you have so often heard me mention seeing them at the Countess of Y——th's." George eyed them at the word *young*, and going up to the Miss Greenfords, paid his respects in a polite and engaging manner; and introduced the elderly gentleman to his mother and the ladies, by the name of Captain Anshaw, his intimate friend, and the evening was spent in the greatest harmony.

After

After the ladies had retired to their respective apartments, George gave his mother the following account of his friend

“ —Capt. Anshaw is the descendent of
 “ an ancient family of that name, and has
 “ serv’d with great honour in a march-
 “ ing regiment for a number of years,
 “ and is at present on the half-pay list;
 “ he is unluckily engag’d for the pay-
 “ ment of a large sum of money, and
 “ the person for whom he is bound, has
 “ ungenerously left him to pay it, and
 “ as his finances are but small, he is
 “ utterly unable to discharge the same;
 “ so I have taken the liberty, Madam,
 “ to bring him to your house till the
 “ creditor will listen to the terms we
 “ have propos’d.”—Mrs. Wood assured
 her son of her protection. We will now
 leave them for the evening, and return
 to the Miss Greenford’s, who had retired
 to their respective chambers, not to sleep,
 but to meditate revenge on ’Squire
 Rose; and as they were both heartily
 tired

tired of a single life, they resolved to marry, in hopes of having an heir to the Greenford estate. The next morning the Miss Greenfords communicated their thoughts to each other. Captain Anshaw now became one of the party, and having heard of the spinsters fortunes, as his circumstances were out of repair, and encouraged by the account of a lady turned of fifty being in love, he imagined it would be no hard matter to gain the affections of one of them, to this he was prompted by the behaviour of the ladies at breakfast, who put on the dying languishing airs of a girl of fifteen, whose head is filled with the romantic ideas of some favourite heroine in a novel. A little conversation with Mrs. Wood confirmed his opinion, and the captain declaring he would present her with a couple of hundreds if she could bring them together, the bargain was immediately agreed to. Mrs. Wood advised him to pay his respects

respects to Miss Bridget; in this the good woman had a view, as she intended Miss Agnes for her own son, if she could persuade him to have her, as she was three years younger than her sister, and, if the mother of a child, as in all probability Miss Bridget never would be, her son would then be the heir to the noble manor of Greenford, only for changing his name, and indeed this was what George wished for, for his own father being lately married to a lady of large fortune, had ordered him to quit the name of S——ns, and take his mother's; this poor George was forced to comply with, but found his feelings so much hurt, that he solicited his father to procure him equal rank in some regiment that was going to the East Indies, but as no exchange could be had at that time, he obtained leave of absence for three months. After dinner Captain Anshaw began the attack, to which Mrs. Wood had given him his cue; this was
nothing

nothing more than to flatter their pride by declaring, he believed George had brought him to his mother's on purpose to destroy his peace, and giving Miss Bridget a tender look, told her it must be something more than beauty that could attract the heart of an old soldier who had stood so many sieges——

“ 'Tis beauty of sentiment that attracts, Captain Anshaw,” interrupted Mrs. Wood.—Miss Bridget made no answer, but returned a glance of approbation. This was enough for the Captain; and Miss Bridget, after a short courtship, consented to become his wife; and to complete this union, Miss Agnes was prevailed upon to give her hand to George, who was twenty-five years younger than herself.

This was a thunderbolt to 'Squire Rose, his eyes rolled convulsive, and with a stammering voice, cried, “ Never shall I enjoy the manor of Greenford; “ Oh! who would have thought it?”—

Mr. Greaves, who could not forbear laughing, cried, "This is what I expected."—"Did you expect it?" said the 'Squire,—“Yes, and so might you, if you had not been so blinded by your imaginary interest.”—"Well, say no more, or I shall run mad," answered Rose.

This double wedding gained Fanny more liberty. Mr. Greaves now returned to White Hall, leaving Louisa, Maria, and Miss Ellis at Rose Hall. Peace was now restored to this mansion, which it had been long a stranger to, and the 'Squire, who found this disappointment not to be remedied, gave himself no more uneasiness, flattering himself that the manor of Greenford would one day come into the possession of some of his family; for the new-married ladies were too old to present their husbands with heirs. But the 'Squire's temper, in a great measure, resembled the ocean, he was never
in

in a perfect calm, but it was sure to be succeeded by a violent storm. And the reason of the one we are going to describe, will be given in the next chapter.

C H A P. XII.

AND ye, whose gilded chariots roll with wanton luxury through the spacious streets, bounding as though the wheels were conscious of the dignity of their owners, proudly you alight, tripping gaily along the gilded rooms, turn your eyes away from virtue, because it is arrayed in poverty, yet ye will attend divine worship, but that costs you nothing, and, with the word of God in your mouths, (for I will not venture to affirm it ever gets any farther) pass your fellow creatures regardless of their misery, and pine more at the loss of one shilling than of your immortal souls. Of this disposition was 'Squire Rose; he carried his god in his pocket, and worshipped it with greater bigotry and devotion

tion than a mistaken mortal invokes a newly-canonized saint by whose interposition he expects to gain Heaven. 'Squire Rose, who constantly attended church, received the first ruffle to his calmness on seeing his daughter give away six-pence to a poor old woman who stood at the door; though Fanny thought she had given her small alms unperceived, went home well pleased, but as soon as she had entered the house, found her mistake, for the 'Squire began to read her a lecture on extravagance, for giving away her money to a set of poor wretches, and positively declared, that God despised the poor, or he would never suffer them to remain in poverty, concluding with that admirable proverb, he so strictly adhered to, that "*Charity begins at home.*" These arguments were answered by Miss Ellis, who being a daughter of the church, and inheriting the temper and humanity of her good father, contended, that it was

an insult to our divine Creator to pretend there could be real faith without works, and that God gave an equal right to the riches of this world to all men, declaring his goodness was shewn in bringing those poor creatures in their way, and giving us an opportunity of relieving them, whereby the *rich* gained an *equal right* to the glory of Heaven. But this was not believed by the 'Squire, he affirmed the rich were the favourites of God, and brought as an example, *Doctor Mirror*, the late rector of the parish. This reverend soul, under the cover of the gown, and cloak of religion, oppressed his poor parishioners in the most shameful manner, rendering himself hated by the whole village, except an illiterate oilman, who had raised a large fortune by selling of pickles. He gave the living to his son, and by hypocrisy, and fawning on his superiors, and being ready at any time to lick the feet of a great man, he got a good living
presented

presented him in ———. This good rector happened to call in the height of this dispute, joined heartily with the 'Squire, saying, "It encouraged idleness, and our Saviour never intended "charity should be shewn any way than "to the church." And this indeed he took care to verify in a charity that had been left to the poor people of that village, to replace a horse or a cow that might be lost by death, or any other accident. But this *good doctor* being willing to bestow that upon the church also, sent for a relation of his own out of the west, and making him clerk, gave him forty pounds out of the fifty pounds* in addition to his salary; so after

* This charity is 50l. per annum, and was left by a gentleman in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to replace any loss a poor villager might sustain by fire, or the death of his cattle; and this *good clergyman* has applied 40l. of it in the above manner: and a poor woman, whose husband is a labourer, with a family of six children, declared to me that the doctor refused her husband one guinea towards her support in her lying-in of her seventh child.

admonishing the young ladies never to bestow their money on any thing but towards beautifying the church, and Easter-offerings, he took his leave, Miss Ellis declaring, that she did not wonder at the irreverent manner that she had heard the clergy of the church of England spoken of. Now she had discovered that such men as Doctor Mirror were permitted to wear a gown, and preach in his turn before a great personage. This would have produced a dispute, but dinner being served up, put an end to it.

In the afternoon they attended church again, where, to the great dissatisfaction of the ladies, a sermon was preached by Doctor Mirror, in which he set forth the necessity of attending divine service, beautifying the house of God, paying tithes without reluctance, selling a clergyman any little house that he might take a fancy to, though it might be detrimental to the poor cottager who possessed

fessed it, yet if he parted with it willingly,
 as it was obliging the priest, that it was
 serving God, and he would meet his
 sure reward in Heaven. The former
 part of this inimitable sermon, the good
 doctor had verified in the beginning of
 his reign in this village, for finding the
 vault of the old church too small to con-
 tain any more coffins, he wisely con-
 cluded the foundation was rotten, and
 must be rebuilt : but the parishioners
 not readily agreeing, they brought
 two surveyors to examine it, who on in-
 spection, declared the foundation good,
 and not in want of the least repair. But
 the good doctor was not to be diverted
 from his favourite scheme of bringing
 money into his coffers; he procured
 another, to whom he had given the cue
 (viz.) that he should have the whole
 profits of rebuilding it—this was enough,
 the architect declared the church was
 in danger of falling down, and the good
 doctor's life in imminent *danger* when-

ever he entered. A vestry was summoned, and the doctor insisted on its being immediately pulled down in such a peremptory manner, that none of the poor farmers who happened then to be the churchwardens, durst contradict him : for this *good man* had the mode of silencing the poor parishioners, by threatening to go to law with them if they did not comply with his desires : but they were not confined to the church only, for he had a great wish to purchase an estate in this parish ; and though there were several good ones to be sold, such as the Park, &c. but he liked to purchase small parcels of land, and if the possessors did not part with them, he would fine them for non-attendance at church, putting them in the stocks if they happened to take a little more drink than usual. All these punishments were not levelled at their vices, but their trifling property : these poor creatures were obliged to sell their little patrimonies to keep themselves free from the severities inflicted by the parson

parson, who constantly read them passages out of Burn's Justice, to *justify* what he had done ; and by these means, the *good doctor* got a pretty estate in a cheap manner.

But I'll leave my readers to comment on this Miniature, and return to 'Squire Rose. He had nearly forgot his daughter's charity, and his good temper was restored, when he received the following note, and as he never paid the least respect to ceremony, broke quickly open the seal, and read aloud as follows :

"DEAR SIR,

"THIS cumes hop-
 "pen to fine yow and Fan in as good
 "helth as I am at present, thanked be
 "God fort, and to let yow no that i
 "want have Fan. Yow are to no in the
 "furst pleace that owr roger say i be as
 "good as yowr daurter Fan, ann if so
 "be she be so proud now, she'll be
 "wurfer when she is my wife, nowe yow
 N 6 " must

“ must no I was ounce most confondly in
 “ love with her, but our roger say it was
 “ all my eie, and as how I only fancied
 “ it—now yow must no, i always thot
 “ that poll chip a much pritier gurl,
 “ than yowr daurghter, and as pol is a
 “ cofin of our rogirs, and our rogir is a
 “ gentleman, fin he has been my wallet,
 “ i’d have hav yow to no i’ll have her
 “ and nobody else, so yow must mak
 “ the most of it, and the best on’t,
 “ my Farthar hav ben remonsterating,
 “ but it is all no porpos, for i wul av her
 “ beside she ave got rosy cheks, and
 “ yowr Fan got non, and she is stronger
 “ mad every way, and i dos not lov any
 “ thin finekin, wy yow see, if I was to
 “ chus a hors, I woud chus one that
 “ cud stand on his legs, and I dont
 “ think fan can stond long on hars,
 “ they are so smal, but she was so
 “ proude, she woudnt let ma se um,
 “ and if she hadnt rol’d downe the
 “ mont, i shoudnt hav known withar she
 had

“ had ony legs or no, so do yow mind
 “ ma, i was never in lov, rogar say
 “ i only fanci it, and if I was in lov, i
 “ was a fole, so no mor at present from
 “ yowr beloveing frind,

“ BOBBY BLOWZ.

“ N. B. this is my full detarmination
 “ and so i ave got ovr roger to fine
 “ his nam as a witnēs that then nobody
 “ can make disputs abowt it.

“ Witnes my hand

“ ROGER SWEPSTAKS,

“ Batchelor’s Hall.

“ I no this lattar to be my yung mastars
 “ riting, and if ony parson fai tan’t, i
 “ am redy to take my bible oath,
 “ and giv them a lik on the scull into
 “ the bargin.”

At the conclusion of this most elegant epistle, the 'Squire jumped into a violent passion, swearing it was all a forgery, and the contrivance of his new-married

married cousins; and with great vengeance flung the letter behind the fire. But the flames had scarce demolished this epitome of its writer, when old Blowz made his appearance, but *so woe begone*, that his looks bespoke his dreadful errand, for a deadly paleness had overspread his ruby nose, which before could be equalled only by an *ale-wife's red petticoat*; he sat down without speaking a word, and earnestly looking at Miss Rose, and then at the 'Squire, sighed, "Oh! we are all undone;"—"Then it is true," cried Rose, staring wildly.—"Yes, but too true, he was married this morning."—"Then we are all undone indeed, for never was a poor father's heart so fixed on joining those noble estates of Blowz and Rose Hall together, as mine was.—But this is what you have got by humouring him, as you always did."—"Not I," interrupted Blowz, "I brought him up in good *scholarship*, and always told him

"it

" it was his duty to obey his parents ;
 " but those heathenish countries have
 " bewitched him, and he rode yesterday
 " to the next parish where the parson,
 " who ow'd me a spite for riding over a
 " field of his corn, married him to Poll
 " Chip." Here the tear rolled down
 Blowz's cheeks, and Rose, who never
 sympathized but when his interest was
 concerned or hurt, followed his example.
 The ladies, who could hardly keep their
 countenances at this scene, retired to en-
 joy it.

Three days had passed in the happiest
 manner with the ladies, who sincerely
 partook in the good fortune of their
 friend. And as 'Squire Blowz could
 not endure the presence of his new
 daughter-in-law, he continued at Rose
 Hall till the house that he had appointed
 for the residence of Madam Blowz and
 his son, was ready to receive them. A
 week had now elapsed, when one morn-
 ing they were alarmed by the ringing of
 bells

bells and other demonstrations of joy, throughout the village, and wondered what could be the cause, when Doctor Mirror, who was the parish Gazette, for he would walk three miles at any time to learn the name of any new inhabitant and their affairs, came in, and informed the 'Squire that young Mr. Groves had fallen into the possession of a large fortune by the death of a distant relation. This was too much for the tender feelings of Fanny, who striving to conceal her joy at so unexpected an event, fell senseless into the arms of the doctor, who happened to stand next to her while he related this story. But whether his disposition was softened by having so much beauty in his arms, or that he wished to make a friend of young Mr. Groves, it is hard to determine ; but as soon as the 'Squire had done speaking, he took an opportunity of declaring his sentiments upon the occasion, as follows :

“ I have plainly seen this match be-
 “ tween

“ tween young 'Squire Blowz and your
 “ daughter, was not the will of Heaven ;
 “ if it had, she would certainly have had
 “ him, but Providence has thought pro-
 “ per to interfere ; you must not attempt
 “ to thwart it, if you do, 'Squire Rose,
 “ you must expect some dreadful punish-
 “ ment, such as sudden death ; for, I say,
 “ you ought to be afraid to enter the
 “ church, while in such a state of sin.”

This was attacking Rose on the weak
 side, for he implicitly believed the Doc-
 tor could send him to heaven, or hell ;
 and as he frequently pronounced ana-
 themas from the pulpit, he was afraid of
 the vengeance of heaven being announ-
 ced against him the next Sunday :—so,
 after a few prayers that every thing might
 turn out for the best, he declared, if Mr.
 Groves would take his daughter on the
 same conditions that he had offered to
 'Squire Blowz, the Doctor should join
 their hands the next Sunday.

Doctor

Doctor Mirror agreed to carry this message, and set out immediately to the villa of Mr. Groves, where we will leave him, and return to Fanny, who had been carried up to her chamber; she was hardly recovered, when the house-keeper, who had heard the Doctor's voice raised aloud, and thinking that something was the matter, had applied her ear to the key-hole, and, after satisfying her curiosity, carried the joyful news to her young lady, but delivering it somewhat hastily, Fanny relapsed into another swoon, in which she lay some minutes before she could be brought to herself, when shedding a flood of tears, she found herself much relieved. The Doctor, who had reached Mr. Groves's, inquired for his nephew, and was informed by his uncle he was not at home. He said he came on particular business, and briefly related it to him.—As old Mr. Groves had the happiness of his nephew much at heart, he was almost frantic with joy, and hugged

hugged the Doctor till he almost choaked him, and begged his acceptance of a small field that was near the parsonage, to make an addition to his son's garden, and opening a bottle of wine, insisting on his taking a part with him till his nephew came in, who he would send for immediately. A servant was quickly dispatched after young Groves, who was reconnoitering the house of 'Squire Rose, to gain, if possible, a sight of his charmer, whose long silence had amazed him—for Miss Rose had strictly adhered to the promise she had given her father, though she had received several letters from him, had never answered one. But young Groves met with an additional surprize in his way to the Hall;—the servant of 'Squire Rose, who had frequently passed him in a very haughty manner, now pulled off his hat, and bowed down to the ground. The truth of this was, the 'Squire's consent was no sooner known in the parlour than
it

it flew to the kitchen; and as servants are generally copies of their masters, this fellow, who frequently watched him with the vigilance of a Cerberus, now smiled with the utmost complaisance; as this was an enigma Groves did not trouble himself to comprehend, he rode on (without taking any farther notice than returning his salute) to the back of the garden rails, when fastening his horse to a tree, at some distance he got over, and secreted himself among the bushes, ardently fixing his longing eyes on the house, to gain a view of his Fanny. In this situation he was interrupted by the whistle of his servant, who was a favourite, and intrusted with all his master's secrets: "Come, come, Sir," cried the fellow, in ecstasy, "you need not come here again, you may see Miss Rose whenever you please; but your uncle wants you directly."—Groves, who thought the servant was mad, answered by a loud laugh; and as he was never
flow

flow in obeying his uncle's commands, he rode home directly, where he found the Parson enjoying himself over the bottle with his uncle. He related to Groves the terms by which he might be admitted to receive his lovely Fanny ; and if he would consent to that, he would introduce him directly at Rose Hall ; and tho' Groves was in possession of a princely fortune, yet, such was his excessive love for this village beauty, he gave the Parson a carte blanche to offer the 'Squire, declaring he would never touch one farthing of her fortune without her father's consent ; adding, he was willing to settle any part of his own on Miss Rose.—The Parson returned, and delivering his message to the 'Squire with so good an effect, displaying such glittering promises, that the 'Squire sent his servant with an invitation to him and his uncle, begging their company at Rose Hall that evening to supper—And here let those who ever loved imagine the joys felt, for
how

how to describe them is out of the power of my pen. His impatience obliged his uncle to attend him much sooner than he was to have gone, and they surprized the ladies at their tea. The 'Squire, never drinking any in the afternoon, was gone to take a little exercise in his grounds, attended by Doctor Mirror. When the servant announced the name of Groves, Fanny, who was pouring out the tea, let the pot fall from her hand, gently breathing—"Oh! Heavens, is this real?"—fell back in her chair, while Groves stood motionless! In this scene they were interrupted by the entrance of the 'Squire, the Doctor, and Blowz.—Fanny, who had just recovered, was rising, when her father bid her sit still, and be quiet; asking her if she had a mind to be playing more tricks; and giving Mr. Groves and his nephew a hearty shake by their hands, told them they were welcome.—After the ladies withdrew, the 'Squire was so well pleased with Groves's proposals,

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that

that he desired his uncle to get the writings done with all possible speed.—

“G—d rot her,” cried he, “I have
“had plague enough with her, but I
“don’t wish you so much; however,
“you must take her for better or worse,
“and so there’s an end of it.”

Here the reader may be surprised at the 'Squire's agreeing to a settlement and pin money, when he expressed such a dissatisfaction at these forms at Blowz Hall; but this was because he thought he could make no better bargain; and old Blowz, who was as fond of money as Rose, and therefore as wary, finding the other would not consent to the marriage, if he insisted on any fortune, was very well content, as long as he did not demand a jointure, while Rose thought he should never have such another opportunity of securing the twenty thousand pounds in his possession; he, therefore, embraced this match with greater eagerness than he had ever done

Blowz's.

Blowz's. One great instigation was, he had made his daughter promise to let him have half her jointure, to put out to interest for her.—Every thing was now settled, and the Sunday following Doctor Mirror joined this happy pair, whose loves only ended with their lives.—But, as we have often spoken of Mr. Groves the younger, without giving any account of his life, we will present a short **MINIATURE** of him in the next Volume.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



